

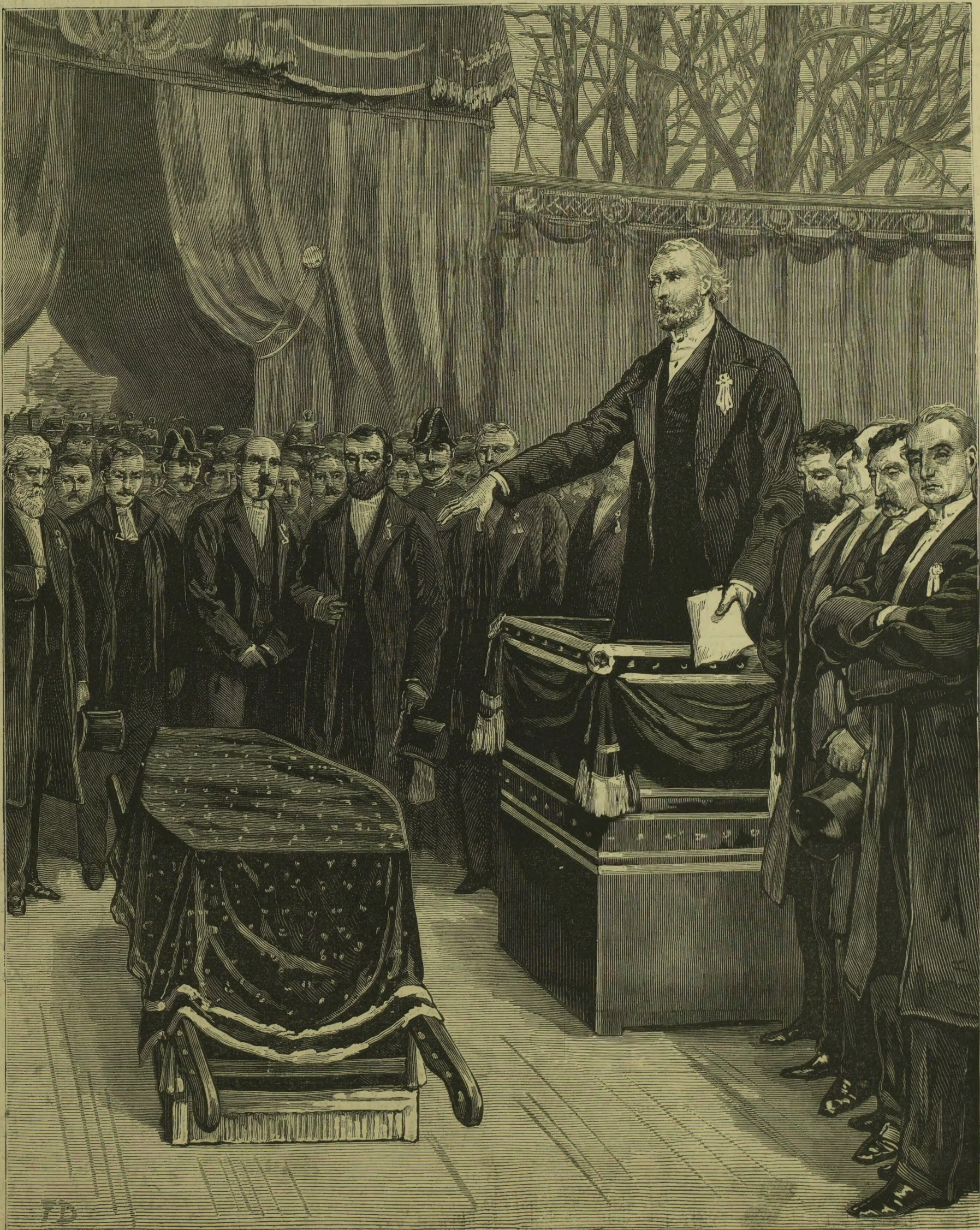
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2282.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
TWO SUPPLEMENTS, By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



FUNERAL OF GAMBETTA: ORATION PRONOUNCED OVER THE COFFIN AT THE ENTRANCE TO PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETERY.



## MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd inst., at St. Michael's, Boldmere, by the Rev. E. H. Kittoe (father of the bridegroom), Edward Dering Kittoe, to Elizabeth, widow of Henry John Pantom, of Wareham, Dorsetshire, and second daughter of the late Thomas Dower, of The Grove, Swanage, Dorsetshire.

On the 3rd inst., at St. Paul's Church, Whittington, Manchester, by the Rev. T. W. May Lund, M.A., Rector of St. John's, Cheetham, Malcolm Heard, B.A., Hallford House, Shepperton, youngest son of James Heard, Esq., of Whittington, to Edith Mary, second daughter of the late William Watson Beaver, Esq., of Manchester, surgeon.

On the 3rd inst., at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, London, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Newcastle, George Deane, eldest surviving son of William Kiley, of Seaford, Liverpool, to Mary J. S., elder daughter of Thomas Barton, of Lancaster.

## DEATHS.

On the 3rd inst., at Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, Rosamond, relict of the late Lord Tredegar, aged 72.

On the 2nd inst., at Bradgate Park, Leicestershire, the Right Hon. the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, aged 65.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 20.

## SUNDAY, JAN. 14.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.  
Morning Lessons: Isaiah lv.; Matt. viii. 18. Evening Lessons: Isaiah lviii. or lxi.; Acts viii. 26.  
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. C. C. Collins; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. C. V. Child.  
St. James's, noon, Rev. W. Barker.

## MONDAY, JAN. 15.

Oxford Hilary Term begins.  
Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.  
London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. James Cotton on the Races of India.  
Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.  
Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.

## TUESDAY, JAN. 16.

Moon's first quarter, 0.48 a.m.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor W. C. Williamson on the Primæval Ancestors of Existing Vegetation.  
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. W. Anderson on the Antwerp Waterworks.  
Pathological Society, 8.30 p.m.  
Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.

## WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17.

Meteorological Society, anniversary, 7 p.m.  
Entomological Society, anniversary, 7 p.m.  
Dental Surgery Association, anniversary, 8.30 p.m.  
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.

## THURSDAY, JAN. 18.

Accession of William I., Emperor of Germany, 1871.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on the Spectroscope.  
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.  
London Institution, 7 p.m., Professor H. Morley on English War Poetry.  
Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.  
Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.  
Historical Society, 8 p.m.

## FRIDAY, JAN. 19.

Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. R. Bosworth Smith on the Early Life of Lord Lawrence in India, 9 p.m.

## SATURDAY, JAN. 20.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. R. Bosworth Smith on Episodes in the Life of Lord Lawrence.

## THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.  
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 p.m.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 p.m.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 p.m.	Force at 10 p.m.	Direction.			
Dec. 31	29.802	50.8	49.6	95	10	52.6	46.8	E. SE. 55W.	244	0.245		
1	29.761	53.7	50.5	89	8	54.5	52.3	SW.	485	0.055		
2	29.686	46.4	37.6	72	6	53.9	44.5	SW.	553	0.020		
3	30.057	44.5	38.0	77	10	49.0	43.2	E.	261	0.000		
4	30.166	42.8	35.5	75	9	45.6	39.8	SE.	162	0.040		
5	30.172	43.9	41.9	92	8	48.9	39.1	S. SW.	184	0.100		
6	30.406	41.2	36.9	85	6	44.7	35.7	WSW. NW. N.	148	0.005		

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	Temperature of Air	Temperature of Water	Temperature of Soil	Direction of Wind
29.887	50.8	53.8	48.2	SE.
29.814	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
29.741	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
29.668	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
30.045	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
30.172	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
30.172	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.
30.406	50.6	53.8	48.2	SE.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.**—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fare—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 6s., 4s., 3s. Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamer at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**LYCEUM.**—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, EVERY EVENING, at 7.45.—Benedict, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and SATURDAYS, Jan. 20, Jan. 27, Feb. 3, and Feb. 10, at Two o'clock. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, Ten to Five.

**SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE,** CIRCUS, and MENAGERIE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD. THE MOST GORGEOUS PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. BLUFF KING HALL, and the FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

Sanger's Grand Pantomime Circus and Menagerie. Two Performances daily, at Two and Seven. Holders of Overflow Tickets will be admitted to either the Afternoon or Evening Performances. Children under Ten half price (gallery excepted). Sole Proprietors, JOHN and GEORGE SANGER.

**COURT THEATRE.**—Morning Performances of the successful new Play, COMRADES, by Brandon Thomas and B. C. Stephenson, will be given on SATURDAY NEXT, JAN. 13, and Saturday, Jan. 20, at Half-past Two o'clock.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT** (Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. A STRANGE HOST, followed by a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled EN ROUTE. Concluding with THAT DREADEFUL BOY, a New Afterpiece. Morning Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evening, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s. No fees.

## THEATRE MONTE CARLO.

from JAN. 15 to MARCH 15, 1883.

## LYRICAL REPRESENTATIONS

(French)

LES NOCES DE FIGARO.

LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL.

FAUST.

VIOLETTA.

MIGNON.

GALATHEE.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

LE DOMINO NOIR.

LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.

## ARTISTS ENGAGED.

Madame VAN ZANDE.

Madame HEILBRONN.

Madame HAN.

Madame ENGALLY.

Madame FRAUDIN.

Madame MANSOUR.

Madame STUARD.

Monsieur MAUREL.

Monsieur TALAZAC.

Monsieur DUFICHÈRE.

Monsieur PLANCON.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, REGENT-STREET, AND PICCADILLY.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JAN. 16, 1883.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT

GRAND MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE

will take place in the

AFTERNOON at 2.30; EVENING at Eight.

Upon which occasion he will have the valuable assistance and co-operation of the

following eminent Artists:—

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Miss E. FARREN.

Miss RUSSELL.

Mons. MAHUS.

Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY.

Tickets and Places can now be secured at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Back Area and Gallery, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, Regent-street, Piccadilly.

The Marvellous

EMILE GIRARDS,

with the kind permission of Mr. J. Baum, will appear at

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S DAY AND NIGHT FETE,

TUESDAY NEXT, JAN. 16.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, REGENT-STREET.

The world-famed and inimitable

E. W. MACKNEY

will appear on the occasion of

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S DAY AND NIGHT FETE,

TUESDAY NEXT, JAN. 16.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.

COLONEL CHANG and GENERAL MITE,

with the kind permission of Frank Uffer, Esq., will appear at the

ST. JAMES'S HALL

on TUESDAY NEXT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Newly Decorated, newly Upholstered, fitted with new Scenery, and rendered the

safest and most elegant place of amusement in London.

The new and gloriously successful Holiday Entertainment of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

DAY PERFORMANCES THIS WEEK.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Tickets and places at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any kind.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR

DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS, now Open at THE CITY OF LONDON FINE-ART GALLERY (Gladwell's), 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, will be CLOSED THIS

MONTH. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling. Several new and important

Etchings are included in this Exhibition.

ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

Admission Free, from Ten till Four o'clock, on presentation of card, to

EXHIBITION OF LOULTON and CO.'S OPEN FIRE-PLACES and RADIATING

TILE STOVES, with Art accessories.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

During the past week the name of Gambetta has been on

everybody's lips, not in France only, but throughout

Europe. The remarkable spectacle at the lying in state

in the Palais Bourbon, and the colossal funeral procession

to Père La Chaise, where his remains were temporarily

interred—his venerable father insisting that they shall

find a last resting-place in the family grave at Nice—

throw into the shade all such events in this country, with

the possible exception of the burial of the Duke of

Wellington, thirty years ago. The grand pageant of Satur-

day last was something more than a national tribute of

profound respect to the memory of the man who never

despaired of his country, and lived to see her free,

independent, and prosperous. It was a popular

demonstration in favour of that Republican unity

which Gambetta so materially helped to establish. No

French monarch was ever so honoured at his death. Not

even the decease of M. Thiers evoked so touching a

display of universal sympathy as was exhibited in the

streets of Paris last Saturday by deputations from every

department of France, and even from the provinces torn

from her in 1870, the loss and remembrance of which were

symbolised by the spade of their sacred soil to be de-

posited in the tomb of their champion. That Monarchists,

whether Legitimists or Bonapartists, should hold aloof

from the obsequies of the statesman who frustrated their

hopes was only natural. But not the least significant

feature of the funeral was the marked coldness of the

ouvriers in the presence of the remains of the great

Democratic leader who had formerly been their idol, and

whose Opportunism they could neither understand nor

approve. It is this volcanic force of the great cities that

constitutes the future danger of the Republic. Prosaic or

undemonstrative as are the English people, they can do

cordial homage to the warmth of feeling that underlay the

imposing and almost theatrical features of M. Gambetta's

funeral, although their more simple tastes have not been

educated to the novelty of secular burials, or to the custom

of laboured panegyrics before the open grave.

While the mortal remains of the foremost of French

statesmen lay in state in the Palais Bourbon, the Republic

was called upon to mourn over the sudden death of its

greatest General. M. Gambetta was the means of raising

from obscurity General Chanzy, who showed unrivalled

military capacity during the terrible struggle of 1870, and

redeemed the honour of the national flag in his victory

over the Germans at Coulmiers, and subsequently in the

well-fought, though not successful, campaign around

Orleans. In political life he was more the rival than the

colleague of the Republican leader, in consequence of

his more moderate views and Monarchical leanings.

But their personal friendship was always preserved.

The dread summons which called away the states-

man removed his military colleague when he was

preparing to assist at the obsequies of his former chief.

"In their death they were not divided." The state

funeral of General Chanzy at Châlons-sur-Marne, in the

midst of the troops whom he commanded, has followed

hard upon the state funeral of M. Gambetta amid the

mourning of the population of Paris. This double loss of

illustrious citizens is the more grievous to the French

people because it was almost coincident, and in both cases

unexpected. Two possible candidates for the Presidency—

Chanzy being regarded as the alternative of Gambetta—

are gone. Happily, M. Grévy remains—a statesman

whose antique patriotism and inflexible integrity have

stood the test of experience, and who will probably, when

his term of office expires, have to surrender his preference

for private life to the demands of his country.

But though the French Republic has still a trusted

constitutional ruler, it has lost its most commanding and

best-loved public man. Who will now become its

responsible guide? It may not be desirable or essential

to France that her future destinies should be swayed by a

great personality. Even Gambetta did not retain that pre-

eminence in public life which it was thought his unrivalled

services and brilliant qualities would have commanded.

His death will not be an unmixed calamity for his country

if it should quicken the sense of responsibility, abate the

jealousies and moderate the aspirations of surviving

French statesmen, as well as hush the strife of faction



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Englishmen of all classes will, I take it, rejoice at the tidings that Mr. Gladstone is better, that the sleeplessness from which he suffered has been overcome, and that he was able to go to church last Sunday morning and take a five-mile walk, afterwards. There may be also a not inconsiderable number of not wholly idiotic persons who—quite irrespective of politics—will be delighted to hear that the threatened new edition of the Midlothian campaign has been indefinitely postponed. It would be an excellent thing were it altogether abandoned. The health of the illustrious statesman is far too precious to be imperilled by “stumping” North Britain at the rawest season of the year.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the most fluent speakers of the age; and the electors of Midlothian would, doubtless, be ready to listen to him with rapt ears were he to make to them, for three consecutive weeks, half a dozen speeches a day from half a dozen different platforms. These harangues would also, I have no doubt, be read with intense interest (the Liberals exulting, the Tories chafing and “squirming,” but still reading) by those wonderful old gentlemen at the Clubs, the major part of whose existence seems to be devoted to sipping tea, munching dry toast, and poring over the closely printed columns full of political speeches with which we are afflicted at all times of the year by the daily newspapers. For Parliament out of Session is as dire a penance as Parliament in Session.

But the relinquishment of a campaign of Talk on the part of an illustrious orator is, in another sense, a matter for joy, since it may discourage from Talking, and cut the ground from under the feet of a whole horde of Talkers who are not illustrious, who have really very little to talk about that people care to listen to, but who persist in talking in public on all conceivable occasions. We were favoured, once upon a time, by the brief presence of a young lady, engaged in the capacity of housemaid. The engagement was not a satisfactory one; and she left us in a hurry, leaving behind her an open scrap of paper, apparently the beginning of a letter which she had addressed to some female friend, but which she had left unfinished. It commenced, “The Mistris hear is a Tarter, an its nothin’ but jore, jore, jore from mornin till nite.”

By “jore” the young lady, I apprehend, meant “jaw.” The expression is an extremely vulgar one; but it is, at the same time, very terse and forcible. Is not one of the prime burdens and curses of English public life incessant “jaw”? Is not “jaw” the bane of public meetings, Parliamentary debates, and public dinners? Have we not just “jawed” away an entire Session? I know that Jawkins, M.P., to say nothing of Major-General Borekins, K.C.B., who is so frequently called upon to respond to the toast of the Army, Navy, and Volunteers, will not be of my opinion in this matter; but I say, unhesitatingly, that nearly all public men in England talk a great deal too much: thereby hindering the progress of real, sound, useful work.

I read in the *St. James's Gazette* a very clever and, on the whole, close parallel between the characters and the careers of Gambetta and Mirabeau. “The Riquettis came originally from Florence, the Gambettas from Genoa. Both were natives of the South of France, and both were of Italian descent. To the circumstance of their birth and descent they were indebted for the Southern fire and Italian *firessa*, which so happily blended in their temperament. The youth of both presented a remarkable contrast to the period of their maturity.”

Good; but Honoré Gabriel Riquetti had been driven nearly mad by the persecutions of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, “friend of humanity,” who took out, in all, no less than twenty-two “Lettres de Cachet” against his luckless son, whose temper became soured by repeated and protracted periods of incarceration. M. Gambetta was tenderly trained by loving parents; and when Gambetta and Mirabeau are compared intellectually the parallel, to my mind, ceases altogether to hold. Léon Gambetta was endowed with a large share of Meridional eloquence; he had a good deal of humorous observation in his nature; he was passionately patriotic and vehemently ambitious; and he was altogether a remarkable man. But Mirabeau was an intellectual giant. His published writings are a mine of scholarship, argument, and philosophic reasoning; and, assuming even that he received some assistance in the composition of the vast mass of political and financial pamphlets to which his name was attached, he only could have written the “Lettres à Sophie,” reprehensible, indeed, from many points of view, but, to my thinking, in many parts more eloquent and more fascinating than anything in the “Nouvelle Héloïse.”

Handbooks to Greek and Roman Art happily abound at present; and students with lean purses need no longer sigh after inaccessible Winckelmanns, inexpugnable Montfaucons, and unattainable Agincourts. I have one interesting classical art-book, just published, before me now—“Ancient Greek Female Costumes,” illustrated with one hundred and twelve plates and numerous smaller illustrations selected by Mr. J. Moyr Smith (Sampson Low and Co.). This is, in particular, a lady's book, and the *Æsthetic Fair* who are anxious to be initiated into the mysteries of the “peplum,” the “cestus,” and the “chirodata” will find all they want in Mr. Moyr Smith's graphically illustrated pages.

It is, at the same time, somewhat amusing to read in the compiler's preface that, although he has been interested in Greek costume for many years, it was only comparatively recently that he discovered such a book as “Hope's Costume of the Ancients” (published in 1812). Hope was to the compiler “a revelation of the diversity, beauty, and fitness of the early Greek dress; and also showed that culture, research, and enterprise, at the beginning of this century,

were well directed.” I should say so. Has the compiler, I wonder, ever heard of George Cumberland (many of whose classical outlines were so subtly engraved by Blake), or of Payne Knight; to say nothing of the Frenchmen Landon and Lenoir? There were indeed some culture, research, and enterprise in the age in which flourished a Dénon and a Champollion, a Flaxman and a Fuseli.

Mem: Excuse me for coupling the names of the illustrious English sculptor and the eccentric Anglo-Swiss painter of the “Lazar House” and the “Nightmare.” I know very well that Fuseli as a painter was full of faults; but he was a superb draughtsman, and, besides, one of the best Greek scholars of his time.

Virgil—I beg pardon, the “Mantovano,” as it is now the “intense” fashion to call him—is still believed by the South Italian people to have been a great Magician. His thaumaturgic spirit yet lingers among the tradespeople and café-keepers of the Peninsula. The modern necromancers of Italy are even cleverer than Virgil. They possess the skill of the Enchanter in the Arabian Nights, who was able to transform good money into dry leaves. I was reminded of this verity during my recent holiday abroad.

You enter a shop or a house of refreshment in Rome or in Milan and tender a napoleon or a five-franc piece in payment for the article which you have purchased, or which you have consumed. Forthwith, the magician shop-keeper, or waiter, metamorphoses what should be your due metallic change into a quantity of dirty paper and greasy coppers. You are told, if you remonstrate, that the “biglietto consorziale” still possesses a “corso forzoso,” and is a legal tender. Yet, in the same breath, you are mocked by the assurance that paper and gold and silver are at par. For weeks I did not have so much as a fifty-centime piece in silver offered me in change. I think this to be the reverse of honest. If the paper currency be at a discount, the foreigner who brings gold and silver into Italy is entitled to the benefit of that discount in exchanging his hard money for “flimsy.” If paper be at par the foreigner should be entitled to demand “hard” change. As things stand, the only hard money he receives takes the form of halfpence, which weigh down the male pocket, and in the feminine *porte-monnaie* must be an intolerable nuisance.

The natives do not feel the infliction. They have long since grown accustomed to it. I was in Italy when “shin plasters” first came in, just before the war of 1866; and the younger generation of Italians may scarcely know how to appreciate the luxury of “honest money.” So it was as recently as 1880, when I was in America. The people had become so familiarised with greenbacks since the year '61 that they hardly cared about handling silver dollars and quarters; and I remember a friendly telegraph clerk in Chicago who, in handing me a gold twenty-dollar piece (about as handsome a coin as can be met with anywhere) as “change out” for a telegram to Europe, apologised for troubling me with what he called “this truck” (rubbish) instead of giving me a bank bill.

Next to the English, the French are the people who most thoroughly appreciate the blessings of “honest money.” The Revolutionary “Assignats” cured them, for good and all, of any partiality which they may once have had (through John Law's teaching) for a paper currency. Paper below the value of twenty francs they resolutely refuse, and even refused, just after the disasters of 1870, to take. The Gallic fondness for hard cash is well illustrated by the name of endearment given to the five-franc piece, “la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous.”

With sympathy mingled with alarm I read in the *New York Herald* that there is something amiss with the Transatlantic “Department of the Interior.” (Do you remember that amusing booklet, the “Memoirs of a Stomach”?) The business men of the Empire City are, it would seem, in a bad way, gastronomically, especially as regards “their breakfasts and their luncheons.” They breakfast, hurriedly, on a cup of coffee and a roll, and lunch, more hurriedly, on “a sandwich or a piece of pie.” The consequence is the impoverishment of “the tissues,” for the factitious restoration of which furtive visits are paid during the afternoon to the bar-room, and deleterious cocktails imbibed.

To counteract this baleful state of things, there has been started, according to the *Herald*, a “Midday Club,” the members of which are pledged to devote a full hour to a substantial midday meal; and, adds my esteemed contemporary, “a hearty meal in the middle of the day, if business men can safely spare the time, not only repairs the physical waste of the morning, but compels a little physical and mental rest.”

But what should be considered a “hearty mid-day meal”? Mr. John Ashton, in that pleasant book, “Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,” of which I made mention some weeks ago, tells us, quoting the French tourist Misson, what an English noontide dinner was like in the golden era of Great Anna:—

Among the middling Sort of People they have two or three Sorts of common Meats, which infallibly take their turns at their Tables, and two Dishes are their Dinners: a Pudding, for instance, and a piece of Roast Beef; another time they will have a piece of Boiled Beef, and then they salt it some Days beforehand, and Besiege it with five or six Heaps of Cabbage, Carrots, Turnips, or some other Herbs or Roots, well peppered and salted, and swimming in Butter: A Leg of Roast or Boiled Mutton, dished up with the same Dainties, Fowls, Pigs, Ox Tripes, and Tongues, Rabbits, Pigeons, all well moistened with Butter, without larding: Two of these Dishes, always served up one after the other, make the usual Dinner of a Substantial Gentleman or Wealthy Citizen.

“They are Gluttons at Noon and Abstemious at Night,” adds the candid Misson. Would it be expedient for men of business, either Englishmen or Americans, to return to the “too too solid” régime of our forefathers? They were men of business too, in their way, since they founded the Bank of England

and the National Debt, and went mad over the South Sea Bubble. For my part, I have always thought a “hearty mid-day meal” to be totally destructive of all real work during the afternoon. Breakfast as well as you can (Lord Palmerston ate piles of thin bread and butter); eat a mouthful or two for lunch; and dine late, at your ease. The modern dinner is really supper. The day is done. There is no more work till the morrow. You are in the stable. Eat your provand; rest and be thankful.

And yet there is no meal more thoroughly sociable, and altogether more delightful, than the French “*déjeuner à la fourchette*.” You begin at noon; and what with coffee and cigars you are not well and comfortably “through” till two. But you do not do much more serious work in the afternoon. A Frenchman rises very early, breaks his fast only with some *café au lait* and bread, and finishes the major part of the labour of the day ere noon has struck.

Mem: I remember many years ago going to the Horse Guards on some business connected with a picture of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. It was luncheon time; and while I was waiting to see Sir Richard Airey, I watched the messengers taking in the luncheons to the heads of the military hierarchy. A boiled egg, some bread and butter, and a little brown Wedgwood pot of tea for Lord Hardinge; half a dozen oysters and some bread and butter for Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Lord Raglan). After all, I thought (although I was at the time a young man with a large appetite and imperfect means of satisfying it), that is the kind of fare to work upon, when it is with your brains that the work has to be done.

Still am I puzzled by those business men in New York who breakfast on a cup of coffee and a roll, and lunch, in two or three minutes, on “a sandwich or a piece of pie.” At least out of Gotham, our kinsmen are accustomed to consume a more substantial mid-day meal. Here is a description of an hotel dinner, as ordered from a negro waiter by a “Dry Goods Drummer,” or commercial traveller, in the States:—

Consommé of macaroni; baked red snapper with brown sauce; sugared tongue; green goose, with apple sauce (and don't forget the apple sauce, you son of a gun); roast beef (an outside piece, cut thin); fricassée rabbit, farmer's style; baked macaroni, *au parmesan*; braised pigeon, *à la jardinière* (just a very small piece of the pigeon, but bring dead oodles of the *jardinière*); tripe fried in butter, with tomato sauce; onions; Lima beans; mashed potatoes; squash; and chow-chow.

Mem: I do not know what is meant by the expression “dead oodles.” The above passage is quoted from a little volume called “Sketches from Texas Siftings,” by Sweet and Knox, just sent me from New York. The preface winds up in an amusingly unaffected manner. “These sketches are put in the form of a book, not so much to enlighten, educate, and ennoble the human race as to put money in the pockets of Alex. E. Sweet and J. Knox.” Whether these names are pseudonyms or veritable names I am not aware: I only know that “Texas Siftings” is one of the drollest little tomes that I have lately met with. It is full of dry and not too grimly cynical humour, and some of the “Sketches of Natural History” are as good as anything in Josh Billings or Dod Gyle. The description of the Horned Frog (defined as being not really a frog at all, but a lizard travelling incognito, inhabiting the sandy soil of the prairies and the pockets of the small boy) is extremely laughable:—

Although the horned frog does not live in a restaurant, he eats about as many flies as if he did; in fact, he lives on flies—that is his principal pursuit. When he eats a fly he knows what he is doing; and that is where he has a great advantage over the regular restaurant boarder. We have seen horned frogs work as fly-traps in grocers' windows. The fly that succeeds in attracting the attention of a horned frog can never be used afterwards. He is a dry, cleanly little reptile, and seems to have no vices. As he never gets drunk, nor eats hot biscuits, nor runs a newspaper, he is hard to kill.

The professors of the French language who are domiciled in England have met in Congress, at which some very instructive addresses as to the best manner of teaching French to English pupils in their own country were delivered. M. Patilliau, of the Charter House School, propounded a scheme for the establishment of a French Lycée or College in England, so that English children would receive the same instruction as they would in France, as well as the benefit of a Liberal English education. This scheme would not be for English children only, “but also for French, German, and children of any nationality.”

It appears to me that French is much better taught, and that a knowledge of that speech is much more prevalent nowadays than was the case when I was young. At that remote period the race of accomplished French masters of the *émigré* class—many of their number noblemen, Knights of St. Louis, dignified ecclesiastics, and so forth, thrown on our shores by the Great Revolution, had just died out; and these lettered, cultivated, and urbane gentlemen had been succeeded by a generation of ignorant and conceited hacks and drudges. I am not libelling them; since I find M. Jules Bué speaking at the Congress of some of the French professors, even of the present day, as “ignorant men who disgraced the name of France.” But there has been in late years an immense improvement in the calibre of French teachers, and a corresponding increase in the percentage of young Englishmen who can speak French with fluency and accuracy.

Take, for example, the Stage. Thirty years ago nearly the only English actors of position who were finished French scholars were Charles Mathews and Alfred and Horace Wigan. The last two had been educated in France. I do not remember any leading English actresses, save Madame Vestris, who were brilliant French scholars. At present it would be too long, albeit a very pleasing, task to enumerate actors whose French is as excellent as that of Mr. Brookfield or Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. As for the ladies, Miss Geneviève Ward, we all know, rivals Pious Mirandolus in polyglot attainments, and in these she stands alone in her profession; but there is likewise a goodly number of ladies on our stage who speak French with purity, elegance, and ease.

The success of a college following the educational system of a French Lycée I gravely doubt; but I am convinced that if a body of gentlemen of means, social position, and intelligence would only band themselves together for the establishment of an International High School on a Proprietary basis, the scheme would very soon become not only prosperous but handsomely remunerative. But ere such a School were founded, some of the promoters should run over to St. Petersburg and study on the spot the working of the Imperial *École des Pages* and the higher cadet schools, where colloquial French, as well as French literature, is taught with marvellous completeness. No Russian cadet can attain his commission in a Guard regiment unless he is a thorough French and German scholar; and these languages can only be taught thoroughly by making them the languages not only of study, but of conversation and recreation. During three days in every week not one word of English should be heard in an International High School.

G. A. S.





THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.



CHRISTMAS-DAY ENTERTAINMENT TO THE TROOPS AT PORT SAID.





FUNERAL OF GAMBETTA: THE DEPUTATIONS FILING PAST THE COFFIN AT PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETERY.



## LORD DERBY.

Of all our public men, the most complete example and masterly exponent of sound common sense, with an unflinching regard for equity, and with an unaffected spirit of social benevolence, utterly incapable of cant, incapable of entertaining, or at least of retaining, a groundless prejudice, is the Right Hon. Edward Henry Stanley, fifteenth Earl of Derby; who has joined the present Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies, having been a Liberal, in heart and mind, in word and act, though not in party connection, during the thirty-three years of his public life. Born July 21, 1826, educated at Rugby School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took first-class honours both in Classics and Mathematics, he was M.P. for Lynn Regis from 1849 to 1869. His father, the late Earl of Derby, a man of ardent and chivalrous nature, of Liberal sympathies, but averse to the utilitarian doctrines of modern policy, had been one of the most strenuous advocates of Reform at the beginning of the new era, but had separated himself from the Whigs upon the question of the Irish Church endowments. At the time when the present Lord Derby, then but twenty-two years of age, entered the House of Commons, the Conservative Party, having been reorganised, after the Corn Law struggle, under the joint leadership of Mr. Disraeli and the late Earl (then Lord Stanley, but in the House of Lords) was no longer characterised by the old notions of a Tory Party. It was simply an Opposition Party, jealous of the Whigs, the Peelites, and the Radicals, whom it sought to discredit and to deprive of power, but with no intention of reactionary measures. The eldest son of its aristocratic chief, from motives of family honour and personal attachment, and prompted also by the ambition of public usefulness worthy of his birth and fortune, naturally served under that party standard. He continued to do so, in fidelity to the same personal associations, when the leadership passed to his father's chosen political associate, Mr. Disraeli, the late Earl of Beaconsfield. He declined invitations both from Lord Palmerston and from Lord Russell to enter a Liberal Cabinet. He dwelt in the Conservative tents. But all his speeches, in both Houses of Parliament, from 1850 to 1878, comprising every debate in which he appeared on that side, might be searched in vain for the slightest tendency to what have ever been deemed Tory principles; there is not a trace of any dread or distrust of the popular element in the political constitution, any disposition to maintain invidious exclusive privileges, or to apologise for manifest anomalies and abuses. The abolition of Church-rates, the opening of University preferment to Dissenters, the abolition of purchase of commissions in the Army, the establishment of Civil Service examinations, the reduction of military expenditure in the Colonies, and in India, the opening of public museums and libraries on Sunday, and the relief of seceding clergymen from civil disabilities, were advocated by him above a quarter of a century ago. He invariably confined himself, as an Opposition Speaker, to a stringent criticism of the particular arguments which at the time were advanced in favour of legislative changes propounded by a Liberal Ministry; and he strove to show that they were not expedient at that time, or that circumstances were not favourable to their producing the desired result; but he seldom or never denied the justice and wisdom, in the abstract, of any of those principles both of domestic and foreign policy, which it has been reserved more especially for Mr. Gladstone to carry into execution. This remark might be illustrated by reference to his speeches, in 1866, upon the Parliamentary Reform Bill of that Session, and those upon Irish Church Disestablishment, in 1868 and 1869, in neither of which instances did he show any hostility to the objects in view, but only challenged the manner of their introduction. Lord Derby, in short, has from the very first, and upon various occasions, but within the restraints so long imposed upon him by his inherited party connection, been an unassuming but undisguised friend of Liberal views and sentiments, an effective Reformer of administrative defects, and the avowed opponent of monopoly, of bigotry, and of undue ecclesiastical assumptions, of extravagant public expenditure, of a rash and meddling foreign policy, and of every step leading to war that could be avoided. In these lines of political tendency he has steadfastly walked during the third part of a century; and his accession to the present Liberal Cabinet is but the natural and proper consummation of his whole course of thinking and speaking—which has been substantially more consistent, regarded as a series of expressions of individual opinion, than that of any other living statesman frequently holding office in different Governments. In the Foreign Affairs Department, in that of India, and in that of the Colonies, Lord Derby long ago proved his great capacity of understanding and directing the affairs of the British Empire. He is a reflecting student of politics and diligent man of business. The difficult problems concerning the relations between the Imperial Government and its colonial dependencies have continually occupied his thoughtful attention, from the date of one of his earliest Parliamentary speeches, in April, 1851, down to a comparatively recent period. He bore the greatest part in the reorganisation of British government in India, in 1858, and continued to watch the progress of its improved administration for several years afterwards. As Foreign Secretary, both in the first and in the second Conservative Ministry, his prudence and discretion, animated by a true sense of equity not less than by the love of peace and by an unsentimental philanthropy, contributed to avert from this country, if not from Europe, the incalculable mischief of joining in a general war. In 1867, he bound France and Prussia to maintain the neutrality of Luxemburg; in 1875, he dissuaded Germany from a renewal of the war with France, and gave no offence to either. His frank secession, in April, 1878, from the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, and from the Conservative Party, on account of its attitude of provocation to Russia, with reference to the Eastern Question, is fresh in the public remembrance. It was an act of high moral courage and fidelity to his sincere convictions of what was right and good for the welfare of his country. The Afghan and Zulu wars also incurred his strong disapprobation. We may feel entire confidence in the wisdom of his counsels, as a member of the Cabinet, at the present crisis in Egyptian and Turkish affairs, not less than in the caution, the firmness, and the tact which he will exercise in dealing with those of South Africa, and with other matters belonging to the Colonial Department. As a landed proprietor of great experience in the management of his own estates, and in the performance of the duties of Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Lancashire, his Lordship may render valuable aid towards framing those measures of county and local government which are now promised, and in the amendment of laws relating to the inheritance of real estate and the agricultural tenancy of land. His recent labours in the Royal Commission of Inquiry concerning the property of the City of London Companies will have provided materials for the proposed legislation upon the affairs of the City Corporation.

The Portrait of Lord Derby is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street, Portman-square.

## THE FUNERAL OF GAMBETTA.

On Saturday last, in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, at Paris, the funeral ceremony in honour of that great orator and Republican statesman whom France has suddenly lost was performed not only with complete official attendance, and with imposing pomp, civil and military, but with the most overwhelming demonstration of popular esteem and affection. From our Special Artist, dispatched to Paris upon this occasion, we have received Sketches, two of which appear in the present publication—in the large Engraving, which represents the funeral procession, and in that which is given on our front page, showing the attitude of one of the speakers at the Cemetery delivering funeral orations upon the character and services of the deceased. A large Portrait of M. Gambetta, with Views of the house where he was born, at Cahors, and that in which he died, at Ville d'Avray, near Paris, and with one or two Illustrations of the most remarkable scenes of his public life, found place in last week's Number of this Journal, accompanied by a sufficient biographical memoir.

The weather at Paris, on Saturday, was as fine as could be desired. The streets from an early hour in the morning were thronged with crowds, all moving in the direction of the Place de la Concorde or the Boulevards. But many people had been standing in the streets half the long winter night. Thousands of flags, partly covered with black crape, waved from the shops and windows to the highest floors of the houses on the Boulevards. A number of workmen, under the direction of M. Joly, architect of the Chambers, had been engaged on the decorations on the colonnade of the Palais Bourbon, which is the French Chamber of Deputies. These consisted of an immense black drapery 1500 mètres in length, which was arranged in festoons on the façade of the Palace. All the gas pillars in the Place de la Concorde, and the monumental statues of the cities of France, had been covered with black crape. Trophies of French flags, with shields bearing the arms of France covered with black crape, were placed on the façade of the Palais Bourbon. The troops were massed between the Palace and the Esplanade of the Invalides. Several funeral cars were prepared as receptacles for the wreaths, the number of which increased every moment. On the Place de la Concorde the statue of the city of Strasburg was veiled.

The funeral procession, which was admirably organised, set out from the Palais Bourbon, where the body of M. Gambetta lay in state. The hearse, drawn by six black horses, with plumes on their heads, waited on the Quai d'Orsay in front of the colonnade, six outriders in white and black attending it, and thrubles, burning incense, being carried at the four corners. The hearse, or funeral car, was a sort of catafalque, mounted on a platform, of very artistic design and imposing proportions. Its wheels, black, with silver ornaments, were low. The coffin was brought out, just as it had been lying in state at the Palais Bourbon, and was placed on the car, which was surmounted by a cupola adorned with black feathers. Wreaths of flowers covered the space around the coffin, surrounded by incense-burners. The coffin was covered with black velvet drapery, over which were thrown tricolours veiled with crape, and two real palms with wreaths of red immortelles. The platform was literally covered with flowers. The pall-bearers were M. Fallières, Minister of the Interior; General Billot, Minister of War; M. Brisson, President of the Chamber; M. Peyrat, Vice-President of the Senate; M. Mévior, representing the electors of Belleville; M. Falateuf, representing the Paris Bar; M. Sirch, Mayor of Cahors; and M. Martin-Feuillée, President of the Union Républicaine. When the coffin was placed on the car, amidst the booming of cannon and the beating of drums, the procession was ready to start. Three other funeral cars preceded the hearse. It was followed by some twelve carriages, occupied by M. Gambetta's father, Madame Leris, his sister, and the most intimate friends of the family. The procession was formed in the following order:—The representative of the President of the Republic and an aide-de-camp, the diplomatic body, the Ministers and Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the members of the Presidency, of the Senate, and the Chamber, and a considerable number of senators and deputies, the late members of the National Assembly, a deputation of the Council of State, a deputation of the Grand Cross and other officers of the Legion of Honour, a deputation of the Court of Cassation, a deputation of the Court of Accounts, a deputation of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, a deputation of the Court of Appeal, a deputation of the Secretaries-General and Chief Clerks of the Ministries; those of the Legion of Honour, the Prefect of the Seine, the Secretary-General of the Prefecture, and a deputation of the Council of the Prefecture of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, and the Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police, a deputation of the Municipal Council of Paris, and of the Council-General of the Seine, a deputation of the Mayors of Paris, a deputation of the Academy, a deputation of the Tribunal of the Seine, a deputation of the solicitors of Paris, a deputation of the Juges de Paix, the delegates of the Commissaries of Police, members of the Parisian press, of the foreign and provincial press, a deputation of the Chamber of Notaries, the staff of the Minister of War, the members of the Army Commission, the staff of the Governor of the Invalides, the commanders of the Superior School of War, of the Polytechnic, of the Military School, the director of the military Pharmaceutical School, deputations of the commanders, directors, and officers of the Military Schools, the staff of the Ministries of Marine and the Colonies, the Council of the Admiralty, the staff of the Military Governor-General of Paris, and a deputation of the Paris garrison.

But what seemed to give the funeral a great political meaning was the presence of deputations from Alsace and Lorraine. Thousands bowed reverentially as the hearse with its incense-burners moved slowly along, preceded by the splendid band of the gendarmes, but cries of "Vive la France," "Vivent nos Frères," were raised when the Alsace and Lorraine deputations came within sight, and as the procession passed the statue of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde.

The procession comprised also deputations from the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, Justice, Finance, War, Marine, Public Instruction, Public Works, Commerce, Agriculture, and Posts and Telegraphs. The delegates of the National Defence, the members of the Legion de Seine-et-Oise of 1870-1, and the volunteers of the war of 1870-1 were also prominent features in the procession. The foreign deputations were:—The Greek Association of Marseilles, the Greek Society of Paris, the English colony at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Luxembourg delegates, the Federal Union of Rio Janeiro, a deputation of the Argentine Republic, the Netherlands Band, and the Scandinavian colony of Paris. Then followed the members of the Polytechnic School, the Superior Normal School, the students of the Paris Faculty, the students of Montpellier and Nancy, the Greek and Roumanian students, the members of the Central Arts Manufactory, the members of the Commercial School, the National Agricultural Institution, the Architects' School, the Polytechnic Association, the artists, painters, sculptors, and engravers, the Sèvres manufactory, the

lyceums and colleges, the normal and primary schools, the gymnastic associations, and the rifle-shooting associations.

The French colonies had likewise their representatives, in the following order:—The French National Association of London, the French National League of San Francisco, the French delegation of Alexandria, the French colony at Cairo, the French colonies at Rio Janeiro, Geneva, Barcelona, Odessa, New York, St. Sebastian. Then followed the prefects, secretaries-general, sub-prefects, councillors of prefecture, functionaries, mayors, municipal councillors, and provincial deputations and associations. The members of the Grand Orient de France, and of the Masonic lodges of Paris and the Provinces were very numerous, and appeared in their regalia and with their flags.

The procession left the Palais Bourbon at half-past ten, and took its way slowly to Père La Chaise, passing the Pont and Place de la Concorde, Rue de Rivoli, Boulevard Sebastopol, Rue de Turbigo, Place de la République, Boulevard Voltaire, Rue de Charonne, Avenue Philippe Auguste, Boulevard Menilmontant. Several musical societies, in addition to the military bands, played funeral marches. The procession along the whole route was received with shouts of "Vive la France," and "Vive la République." It arrived at the cemetery of Père La Chaise at half-past one o'clock. After the body had been placed at the entrance to the cemetery several funeral orations were delivered. The speakers were M. Brisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Devès, Minister of Justice, M. Peyrat, Vice-President of the Senate, General Billot, Minister of War, Messrs. Cazot and Henri Martin, M. Chauffour, representing Alsace and Lorraine, M. Falateuf, representing the Bar, and one of the editors of the *République Française*.

The passing of the procession and crowd round the coffin at the entrance to the cemetery terminated at half-past three o'clock. Only the friends and relatives of the deceased were admitted inside the cemetery. The body was placed in a temporary vault, and was to be removed to Nice.

## CHRISTMAS DAY AT PORT SAID.

The inhabitants of Port Said, at the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez Canal, subscribed £200 for a Christmas dinner to be given to the British troops in garrison there. These consisted of two companies of Royal Marine Light Infantry, and one company of Royal Marine Artillery. The entertainment took place in one of the spacious storehouses or sheds at the "Dutch House," recently purchased by the British Government, to be used as a barrack. This was handsomely decorated with flags, coloured paper, and such few evergreens as could be got at Port Said; the candelabra were of a remarkably novel design. The band of the Egyptian gun-vessel Sakir, by permission of her commander, played during the repast. We give an illustration of this festive scene, from a Sketch by Lieutenant Pease, Royal Marine Artillery. All the Egyptian officials of Port Said were present, the British officers, and the leading inhabitants, representing many nationalities. The guests were waited on at table by non-commissioned officers and others, in white undress, while the Marines sitting at table wore their uniform, the Marine Artillery blue, the Marine Light Infantry red. After dinner, they rose and "chaired" their officers, carrying them round the table with hearty cheers, which rather astonished the natives. The men were addressed by Captain Fairfax, R.N., C.B., commanding H.M.S. Monarch, and by Major Colwell, commanding the troops. They drank the health of Mr. Royle and the givers of the feast. A surplus portion of the fund locally subscribed has been spent in giving the troops a set of plates, basins, tumblers, and other small comforts for their ordinary mess-table. Their good behaviour while in Egypt, as well as their gallant action in the late campaign, has earned the friendship of the people at Port Said and elsewhere.

## THE COURT.

The utmost quietude has been enjoyed by her Majesty at her island residence the last week. Only a few persons have dined with the Royal family, of whom have been Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Lieut.-General Sir Samuel Browne, and the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Prothero; Miss Prothero joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room on the evening her parents were entertained by the Queen. Divine service was performed at Osborne on Sunday by the Dean of Windsor, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attending. The usual daily drives have been had by the Queen and her Royal Highness. The *Morning Post* states that the Duke of Cambridge is to be a personal aide-de-camp to her Majesty, in recognition of the service rendered by him in connection with the Egyptian war. Mr. George Talbot, Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, is made a C.B., civil division. The Albert medal has been awarded to the survivors of the exploring party who distinguished themselves on the occasion of the explosion at Baddesley Colliery last May. Her Majesty presented an Indian shawl and her portrait to Miss Cadogan, eldest daughter of the Hon. Frederick and Lady Adelaide Cadogan, on her marriage to the Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which took place on Tuesday at St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, the Vicar and the Bishop of London officiating. At the meeting of the Bradford Town Council on Tuesday the Mayor read a message from the Queen, sent through the Home Secretary, expressing sympathy with the sufferers by the late sad disaster in the town, and desiring to be informed how the injured were going on. The Mayor had telegraphed in reply, thanking her Majesty, and stating that the injured persons were progressing favourably.

Prince and Princess Christian, with their two sons, closed their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham last Saturday, returning to Cumberland Lodge. The Prince and Princess, with Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, accompanied by some of their guests in the house, attended the meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Harpley Mill; and Earl and Countess Sydney and the Rev. Canon Tarver arrived on a visit. The Rev. F. Hervey and the Rev. Canon Tarver officiated at Divine service on Sunday in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in the park, their Royal Highnesses, with their family and their guests, attending. Monday was the nineteenth anniversary of Prince Albert Victor's birthday, in honour of which a hunt breakfast was given and a lawn meeting of the West Norfolk Hounds was held at Sandringham, all the members of the Royal family joining the field, which was very large. At Windsor the auspicious occasion was marked, as usual, with Royal honours. Count and Countess Gleichen, Count E. and Countess Feodore Gleichen terminated their visit to their Royal Highnesses. The Prince has again sent gifts of game to the Metropolitan and other hospitals. The statue which has been erected by the united services at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in memory of the late Prince Imperial, will be unveiled by his Royal Highness to-day (Saturday). Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales has been appointed Honorary Sub-Lieutenant of the Royal Naval Reserve.



## ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

## THE HUMAN EYE.

Professor Tyndall, D.C.L., F.R.S., in his third lecture, given on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., resumed his illustrations of the effects of the combination of lenses by explaining the construction of the "solar microscope," employing the electric light instead of the sun; and by its means he exhibited the beautiful crystallisation of chloride of ammonium and the mimic fern-like figures of the "lead-tree," produced by the action of an electric current on a solution of acetate of lead. After stating that the darkened theatre constituted a true camera obscura, a photographer's camera was employed in the production of a portrait of his assistant, Mr. Cottrell, while the Professor was explaining all the details of the process. He then, by the aid of a fine diagram and model, described the structure of the human eye as a veritable camera. These included the cornea, the aqueous humour, the crystalline lens, and the vitreous humour, the iris and the pupil. It was stated that when the optic nerve enters the eye from behind, it divides into a series of filaments, which are woven together to form the retina, a delicate network, spread as a screen at the back of the eye. He then explained how the amount of light which enters the eye is regulated by delicate mechanism, and also how the sight is accommodated for perceiving near and distant objects, probably by alteration of the curvature of the lens. The Professor then illustrated by experiments the nature of the defects termed long and short sight, and the way in which they may be remedied by the use of convex and concave lenses in spectacles. Besides other interesting phenomena, specimens of the illusions due to the persistence of impressions on the retina were strikingly exhibited.

## COLOURS—THE SPECTRUM.

Professor Tyndall began his fourth lecture, given on Thursday, the 4th inst., by imitating the way in which Newton first analysed light and proved that it was composed of an infinite number of rays of different degrees of refrangibility, and therefore of different colours. A beam of sunlight passing through a hole in a shutter into a darkened room, and intercepted by a prism, produced the "spectrum," a series of coloured balls of light classified into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Professor Tyndall then explained how very fine spectra are now produced by great improvements in the apparatus, and, by the aid of the electric light, performed a series of very interesting experiments. White light was reproduced by the synthesis of the coloured rays of the spectrum. The colour of bodies was stated to be due to their absorption of all the rays of the spectrum except their own colour. Any two colours whose mixture produces white are called complementary colours; and thus blue and yellow, and green and purple were shown to be such. Coloured objects placed in the ray of the spectrum of their own colour became brighter, but became black in other rays: thus red became black in the blue ray, and blue became black in the red ray; a combination of red, green, and blue produced white; and the same result was obtained by other combinations of colour. The lecture was concluded by examples of what are termed "subjective colours." When the eye is somewhat wearied by gazing on an object illuminated by coloured light, the complementary colour appears to the eye when the object is removed: thus purple was followed by green, and yellow by blue. When an intensely bright spectrum was removed, an image of the spectrum remained, with the colours in reverse order. Finally, the Professor explained how coloured shadows are due to the same cause.

## CALORESCENCE—FLUORESCENCE—PHOSPHORESCENCE—SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

Professor Tyndall began his fifth lecture, given on Saturday, the 6th inst., by demonstrating that any or all of the rays of the spectrum, when intercepted, are converted into heat. He then explained how Sir William Herschel not only proved that the temperature of the spectrum rises in proceeding from the violet to the red, but also discovered that there are invisible rays beyond the red, containing a vast amount of heat. Professor Tyndall, by bringing these rays to a focus and causing them to impinge upon platinum, rendered them visible—a phenomenon termed calorescence. By means of these invisible rays the Professor lit a small fire and burned various metals. Professor Stokes also discovered invisible rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum, which are rendered visible when transmitted through a solution of sulphate of quinine, and various other media. Of this light, termed fluorescence, many illustrations were given. Among other examples of phosphorescence, which is due to the absorption of light, specimens of Balmian's luminous paint were exhibited. The lecture concluded with experimental illustrations of spectrum analysis. The Professor first showed the continuous spectrum produced by the flame of carbon and then the spectrum of the vapour of mercury containing marked coloured bands, and stated that Kirchhoff and Bunsen had not only demonstrated that all the metals gave characteristic bands in their spectra, but also discovered, by this new method of analysis, two new metals, rubidium and cesium. It was also shown by Professor Tyndall how the vapours of silver and of thallium (a new metal discovered by Mr. Crookes) could be distinguished by their spectra. The vapour of brass gave the characteristic bands of copper and zinc.

## VARIOUS PROPERTIES OF LIGHT.

Professor Tyndall, D.C.L., F.R.S., in his sixth and concluding lecture, given on Tuesday, the 9th inst., gave a series of experimental illustrations of a selection from the varied phenomena of light. He began by demonstrating some of the analogies of sound and light; both moving in waves of different lengths, and the rise of pitch in sound corresponding to the range of colour from red to violet in the spectrum. Both light and sound require the air for a vehicle. He then explained Newton's theory of the motion of light, which supposed it to strike the retina like a projectile, which has been superseded by the wave theory propounded by Huyghens, and firmly established by Dr. Thomas Young within the walls of the Royal Institution. This great philosopher, by means of this theory, clearly explained many optical phenomena otherwise very enigmatical. Among the beautiful illustrations given by Professor Tyndall were the colours of thin films, the soap-bubble (the thickness of which was measured by Newton), Newton's rings, mother-of-pearl, and several iridescent substances. The colours of these objects was stated to be due to the interference of some rays with others, some of the rays of the spectrum being thereby quenched and others rendered visible. The Professor also stated that as in water the concurrence of waves may produce a level surface, so also a concurrence of waves of sound may produce silence, and of those of light may cause darkness. He then illustrated the meaning of the term "polarity," and exhibited the curved movements of iron-filings strewn on paper placed over a magnet. This was followed by illustrated remarks on crystallisation, the double refraction of Iceland spar, and similar phenomena. The lecture was concluded by a number of interesting examples of the colours produced by the polarisation of light. This quality of two-sidedness is conferred on

light by reflection, and also by its passage through Iceland spar, and some other crystals. The construction and application of Nicol's prism, so invaluable in these researches, were explained, its chromatic effects constituting a "vivid fairy tale of science."

Professor W. C. Williamson will begin a course of five lectures on The Primeval Ancestors of Existing Vegetation and their Bearing upon the Doctrine of Evolution, on Tuesday next, Jan. 16; Professor Dewar will begin a course of nine lectures on The Spectroscope and its Applications, on Thursday next, Jan. 18; Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, at the Friday evening meeting, Jan. 19, will give a discourse on The Early Life of Lord Lawrence in India; and will begin a course of four lectures on Episodes in the Life of Lord Lawrence, on Saturday, Jan. 20.

## MUSIC.

The Monday Popular Concerts were resumed this week, after the usual brief suspension at Christmas-time. The occasion brought back Madame Norman-Néruda, whose refined performance was heard to special advantage in the leading violin part of Spohr's "Quatuor brillant" in A, Op. 93; one of several such works in which the first violin is written almost in concerto style, and is of pervading importance throughout the composition. The quartet party was efficiently completed by Mr. L. Ries, M. Hollander, and Signor Piatti; the latter gentleman having played one of Boccherini's violoncello sonatas to perfection. Herr Pachmann reappeared as solo pianist, and, as on previous occasions, played some études and other pieces, by Chopin, with rare brilliancy and grace. Miss Orridge was the vocalist.

The first of this year's London Ballad Concerts (directed by Mr. John Boosey) was given at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when Misses M. Davies, Damian, and Larkcom, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. B. Foote contributed to a varied selection of vocal music, which also included some effective part singing by the members of the South London Choral Association. Among the novelties were Mr. S. Adams's song, "The Romany Lass," sung by Mr. Lloyd; Mr. Molloy's "Quaker Cousins," rendered by Mr. Santley; and the same composer's "Three Merry Men," by Mr. B. Foote; and Mr. Theo. Marzials' "In the North Countree," by Miss M. Davies. Instrumental solos, admirably rendered by Madame Sophie Menter (piano-forte) and Madame Norman-Néruda (violin) gave an agreeable variety to the programme. Mr. Sidney Naylor occupied his accustomed place as accompanist. Another morning concert of similar attractiveness is announced for next Wednesday.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are continuing a successful career. Last week's classical night included some fine orchestral performances, special features in the programme having been Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," Reinecke's prelude to "König Manfred," the "Danse des Sylphes" from Berlioz's "Faust" music, and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. A portion of Beethoven's Septet was admirably played by Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mr. Hann (viola), Mr. Mann (horn), Mr. Clinton (clarinet), Mr. Hutchins (bassoon), Mr. E. Howell (violoncello), and Mr. E. Ould (contra bass); Mr. Maas and Madame C. Badia having contributed effective vocal solos. Mr. E. Lloyd was announced for Monday's concert, this week's classical programme having included the completed portions of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor.

London music will soon be restored to its customary activity. The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will give Haydn's "Creation" next Wednesday evening, Mr. H. Holmes will begin a new series of his interesting "Musical Evenings" (at the Royal Academy of Music), on Jan. 24, the second concert of Mr. Willing's choir taking place on the 30th of this month. With February, increased progress will be made, that month including concerts by the Bach choir, Mr. Geussent's choir, the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, and the opening (on Feb. 15) of the seventy-first season of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Carl Rosa's short but interesting season of operas in English, at Drury Lane Theatre (to begin on Easter Monday, as already announced by us), will be followed by the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, on May 1—somewhat later than usual. Of the new operas to be produced by Mr. Rosa—Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," and Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda"—we have previously spoken. Of Mr. Ernest Gye's arrangements for this year's Italian Opera, we must await the issue of his prospectus for information.

The triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace is fixed to take place on the 15th, 18th, 20th, and 22nd of June.

The special services at St. Anne's, Soho, will be held as usual during the coming Lent, when Gounod's opera, "The Redemption," is to be given—with orchestral accompaniment—conducted by Mr. Barnby. The work will probably be performed in two divisions on alternate Friday evenings.

It is proposed that a Printers' New-Year's Collection shall be at once instituted, and that on this day (Saturday) a simultaneous appeal be made in "the Chapel" of every printing office in the kingdom. The suggestion emanates from "The Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation," now in the fifty-fifth year of its existence. A committee is formed, including, besides the executive of the corporation, the names of many well-known printing firms, Mr. F. J. E. Young being chairman, and Mr. J. S. Hodgson, secretary. Mr. William Clowes and Mr. George A. Spottiswoode are treasures. The collection will be devoted to assisting the charitable objects of the Printers' Pension Corporation. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, at Gray's-inn Chambers, 20, High Holborn, London.

The next issue of "The Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities" will contain the following details of the income of charities and societies having offices in London for the year 1881-2:—4 Bible societies, £206,948; 14 book societies, £75,571; 56 home missions, £508,134; 13 home and foreign missions, £173,710; 23 foreign missions, £799,757; 6 church and chapel building, £30,871; 24 charities for the blind, £55,872; 8 charities for deaf and dumb, £16,692; 9 charities for incurables, £36,447; 3 charities for idiots, £55,724; 17 general hospitals, £274,159; 8 consumption hospitals, £53,070; 5 ophthalmic hospitals, £9434; 3 orthopaedic hospitals, £5541; 4 skin hospitals, £5092; 20 hospitals for women and children, £61,704; 5 lying-in hospitals, £7235; 27 miscellaneous special hospitals, £109,042; 33 general dispensaries, £25,206; 13 provident dispensaries, £9916; 2 institutions for vaccination, £2700; 5 ditto for surgical appliances, £14,130; 44 convalescent institutions, £43,137; 16 nursing institutions, £7400; 162 pensions and institutions for the aged, £431,770; 93 institutions for general relief, £505,962; 11 food institutions, loan charities, &c., £8101; 94 voluntary homes, £131,164; 54 orphanages, &c., £154,675; 69 institutions for reformation and prevention, £78,654; 101 institutions for education, £427,148; 35 institutions for social improvement, £67,767; 20 institutions for protection, £57,169: making a total of £4,452,902.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Saturday last a brilliant audience filled the Olympic Theatre, which has passed under the management of Miss Geneviève Ward, to witness the performance of Messrs. Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove's original drama, "Forget-Me-Not;" Miss Ward, it is almost needless to say, playing the unscrupulous but fascinating Stephanie, Marquise de Mohriwart. It was the seven hundred and nineteenth time that this accomplished actress appeared in the part which her genius and application have made so entirely her own, and which, in truth, "fits her like a glove"; but the very best of gloves, be it even of Dent, of Houbigant's, or of Jouvin's make, is apt to wear out after long and active service; and when Miss Ward has played "Forget-Me-Not," say, a thousand times, I should counsel her to provide herself with all possible expedition with another piece in which proper scope can be afforded for the display of her many artistic gifts and acquirements. Incessant practice has made her, in this case, a little too perfect: I mean that she knows her part and its attendant "business" so well as to run off her words somewhat too glibly and execute her movements rather too mechanically. In the performance of instrumental music, a false note is inexcusable; but in a play of emotion and passion, the dialogue of which, moreover, is not in blank verse, unerring and undeviating exactitude in action and delivery become slightly monotonous. The drama seems to be rather ground on an organ than artistically played; and machine-made histrionics are, to my mind, as objectionable as machine-made trousers. This is not by any means the fault of Miss Geneviève Ward. Hers is altogether the case of the lamented Sothern as Lord Dundreary. It was always difficult to suit that admirable comedian with a part; but he discovered in Dundreary a part that precisely and exactly suited him. He found universal and tremendous acceptance; and when I last saw "Our American Cousin," in San Francisco, Sothern had performed the idiotic nobleman some four thousand times. But he had worn out the piece, the part, and himself. Miss Ward did not by any means exhibit signs, either of mental or physical exhaustion on Saturday: indeed, she played throughout with magnificent force and *verve*; but her gloves (to return to the simile) are worn out; the kid is desperately frayed, and the fingers of her talents, impatient for fresh exertions, are peeping out at the ends. She stands earnestly in need of a new pair of dramatic gloves, sixes and three quarters, with three buttons, or acts.

She was tolerably well supported. Mr. W. H. Vernon, who played Sir Horace Welby, her opponent in the *duel à outrance*, which lasts from the time of the rise of the curtain to that of its fall, is a very good "all round" actor—frank, natural, and never drifting into exaggeration or staginess; but he is deficient in the easy, well-bred *bonhomie* towards his equals, and the haughtily condescending civility towards his inferiors, which mark the English gentleman of rank, especially in his demeanour towards foreigners; and it is precisely that haughtily condescending manner which has made the English Milord so cordially detested by all Continental nations save the Austrians, among whom the upper classes are mighty good hands at haughty condescension, themselves. Mr. Vernon might have passed muster very well as a well set up country squire, or a provincial solicitor, who was rather a favourite in Cathedral City society; but he did not remind one of an English baronet, accustomed to pass his winters in Rome. Mr. David Fisher as Prince Malleotti was sufficiently droll as an elderly "masher," but his broken English was not pieced with any linguistic fabric within the ken of Ollendorff. Perhaps Prince Malleotti was a Montenegrin Prince. I never heard a Montenegrin Prince try to talk English. As Alice Verney Miss Lucy Buckstone was quiet and ladylike, but she preserved a tone and attitude which were too impassive to be sympathetic; while the Corsican assassin and *Sbirro*, Barrato, normally an absurdly stagey personage, found in Mr. Philip Beck an impersonator who laudably tried to do his best, but whose speeches were over-accented and whose ferocious utterances were scarcely in harmony with the stolid mournfulness of his bearing, which was suggestive less of the concentrated energy of a "Corsaccio" intent on the pursuit of a vendetta than the dejection of a swarthy denizen of Leather-lane or Saffron-hill who had had a misunderstanding with his *padrone* and had been deprived of his organ. Comparisons such as these may be odious; but they are inevitable when we remember the splendid artistic support which Miss Geneviève Ward received during the long and triumphant career of "Forget-Me-Not" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. One exception, however, must be made to the general mediocrity of the troupe which this distinguished tragic actress has gathered round her at the Olympic. The Mrs. Foley of Mrs. Leigh Murray was a simply admirable performance; but when does this experienced and thoroughly capable actress fail to play admirably? And what a pity it is that experience and thorough capability rarely come to the actress until she is too old to play Rosalind or Lady Teazle. If there were only a Fontaine de Jouvence for our *Comédiennes*!

At the Gaiety Theatre on the Twenty-fifth instant a performance will be given for the benefit of the widow of Charles Lamb Kenney. Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Henry Neville, and other dramatic "stars of the first water" are to take part in the entertainment, the staple of which will be the "School for Scandal," in which that interesting actress Miss Rosa Kenney (Charles's daughter) is to play Maria. I am glad to quote *Punch's* sympathetic words on the forthcoming benefit—"Charles Kenney helped to confer many benefits on others, in his time, and very few on himself. He was always to everybody 'Charles—his Friend,' but not so often 'Charles, his own Friend'; and continual ill-health necessitated a falling off in work and in pay." These words are the simple truth. Poor, witty, friendly, hard-working Charles Lamb Kenney was never able to earn more by his pen than the merest crust; and his health was, as a rule, of the very wretchedest. I hope that the benefit will amply fulfil its beneficent purpose.

Worthy Mr. John Hollingshead wishes that it should be noticed in this column, for the benefit of all and sundry, that "Valentine and Orson," during the eleven days ending Friday, Jan. 5, produced the sum of £2410. I wish it were £4820, with all my heart; but still, the four figures, just quoted, are comfortable ones. Rest, perturbed John Hollingshead; and may your "Chronicles" continue to be written in letters of old!

G. A. S.

Mrs. Dallas-Glynn has been announced as one of the Professors in the new School of Dramatic Art, and last week her classes assembled for the first time. Her new duties will not, however, interfere with her private teaching at her rooms in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Mr. Samuel Brandram is about to give nine dramatic recitals at Willis's Rooms, beginning on the afternoon of next Tuesday, the 16th instant, and continuing on each succeeding Tuesday. The recitals, which will commence with "Romeo and Juliet," will be confined to plays of Shakspeare, with one exception—on Feb. 20 Mr. Brandram will recite Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals."





THE FUNERAL OF GAMBETTA: SCENE IN FRONT OF THE PALAIS BOURBON (PALACE OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES).



## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Though the great disbursements of the first week of the year are now concluded, the money market remains short of supplies, and it is not yet at all sure that an early reduction in the Bank rate will be possible. At the same time those whose especial business it is to watch every indication bearing upon the point, act as though an immediate decline to 4 per cent was certain, taking bills at 3½ per cent, as compared with a Bank rate of 5 and a deposit rate of 3½. Present profit upon business so based there can be none, and it does not seem unreasonable to look for some advance in the current rates when this is more realised than it is yet. Thus the year opens with the money market suffering from just those drawbacks which marred the working of the past year. Of the Bank profits so far announced several are disappointing. The dividends are all as they were last year. That was expected; but an increase in the amounts carried to reserve or undivided was looked for, but only in a few cases is this expectation met. It is pointed out that the average working rate in the half-year was just upon 1 per cent less than the Bank of England standard, and that to this is due the small gain upon the previous experience.

It is incidental to the pre-occupation of France over the death of M. Gambetta that international securities have been more or less neglected for a week past, but the general tendency of the stock markets is favourable. Consols have gained, and are now 101½, and several groups of Foreign national stocks have risen since the beginning of the year. Home railways also meet with more inquiry generally, while a few descriptions have risen considerably. Under this head, London and Brighton stocks take the lead, quite a change having been produced by the proposed plan of issuing the new stock showing a considerable bonus to holders. This effectually discourages sales, and in their fright adverse speculators have had to buy back at a disadvantage. American railways have also changed for the better; and Mexican railway stock has risen on good traffics and satisfactory statements as to the proposed modification of rates. Canadian properties are generally better. The Grand Trunk receipts are large, and the "bearing" of Hudson's Bay and some other shares seems to be coming to an end. Hudson's Bay shares were recently as low as 26, and they are this week 33. With the opening of spring, new life is expected to be developed in all Canadian affairs.

It is many years since an important Colonial Government loan has failed to the extent that has befallen a proposed issue on Tuesday of £4,000,000 by Victoria. The interest is 4 per cent, and the minimum price was par. Only £455,550 was applied for, and as some of the few applicants offered up to 102½, it may be inferred that as a body the members of the money market and their clients ignored the issue altogether. Yet a 4 per cent stock at par is not easily or always obtainable, and the security in this case is undoubtedly good. What, then, is the cause of this complete and injurious failure? It is probably in part due to the undoubted sluggishness at the present time of all monetary business, partly to the notorious over-investment of bank resources in London, and partly from the little pains ever taken to induce the general public to tender for such issues, the ordinary investor going to the market to make his purchases. This failure is calculated to impress unfavourably both the money and the stock markets. It will be taken as indicating a slower rate of accumulation than usual, and as displaying a lack of spirit and enterprise, which it is quite useless to oppose. And it is entitled to make this impression. In other directions also there is concurring experience. The returns of the import and export trade for the month of December are disappointing, after every allowance has been made; and the succession of important failures of the past few weeks shows how steadily some well-known firms have been losing ground. As the month advances, therefore, it seems that expectations of the New Year must be modified.

The directors of the Darling Down and Western Land Company, Limited, invite applications for their debentures. The company is authorised to raise £1,000,000 by shares of £100, and £300,000 by debentures. Of the former, £651,800 is subscribed, and £65 per share is paid up. The security of the debentures is the land owned by the company and the uncalled capital. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum is to be paid June 30 and Dec. 30, until the end of 1895, when the debentures are to be redeemed.

An important company is the Hallidie Patent Cable Tramways Corporation, Limited. It is formed to introduce into this country the cable tramway system patented by Mr. A. S. Hallidie, of San Francisco. The board is exceptionally large and authoritative, and the members record their opinion that the system "is calculated to effect as great an improvement in the mode of propelling tramway cars as the introduction of railways effected over the ordinary horse conveyances then in use." It is further stated that wherever the system has been adopted highly profitable results have followed. In proof of this several instances are given, which are capable of being tested by anyone acquainted with San Francisco. The capital is £1,000,000 in shares of £10, of which half is to be the first issue. The vendors are to receive £70,000 in cash by instalments, £70,000 in shares, and one third of all profits over 15 per cent on the capital paid up. T. S.

Among several articles unavoidably held over till next week is a notice of the Magazines for January.

The Lady Mayoress has sent a seasonable presents of toys and New-Year's gifts—about 1000 different articles in all—to the following institutions:—Commercial Travellers' Schools, the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond-street, and the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood.

The operations of the coinage, which were suspended at the beginning of February last year, to admit of a thorough reorganisation of the Mint works, were resumed on Dec. 8, to meet a pressing demand for silver coin. The new engines and machinery are now in full working order, and the Mint is again open to the public.

Of the twenty-four vacancies in the Schools of the Royal Academy, for the present year, nineteen were filled by the St. John's-wood Art Schools, presided over by Mr. A. A. Calderon. These Royal Academy Scholarships, as they deserve to be called, are gained by competition; and since the opening of the St. John's-wood institution the excellence attained in the drawings is something at which old R.A.'s marvel.

There were 3044 births and 1556 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 50, whereas the deaths were 306 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 5 from smallpox, 50 from measles, 37 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 21 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and 15 from dysentery.

## ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

JOHN LINNELL'S WORKS.

We have already reviewed the works of Rossetti in this exhibition; and we have glanced at those of Linnell, and touched upon some facts of his long career. Upon renewed acquaintance and further study neither painter is likely to rise in severely critical estimation. But, indeed, few artists fulfil in a collective exhibition of their works the expectations we form from exceptional works already fixed in the memory. Here, as usual on such occasions, both artists appear more or less narrow in their very different directions. John Linnell's versatility—which will surprise those familiar only with his works of the last thirty or forty years—is limited to the first half of his professional life. In the latter half, the elements of the subjects are very similar, however cunningly rearranged, and the manner is always the same. The works dating from 1806 to about 1830 are not only less known, and therefore of more novel interest, but are more instructive as indices of the artist's progress. In this period, especially in its early part, he appears as the student—careful, conscientious, feeling his way in various directions, sometimes trusting to himself, sometimes looking at others. The water-colour sketches are mostly early, dating back to his master, John Varley. They are such memoranda, taken direct from nature, as landscape-painters should systematically make; but Linnell could have referred to them but little in his later works. The mezzotint engravings are chiefly remarkable as done by a painter from his own portraits.

It is in finding that Linnell was once a portrait-painter of mark that this exhibition will afford the greatest surprise to many. His portraits range from water-colour miniatures on ivory to life-size oil paintings. The case of nine miniatures are all of early date. They are characteristic, and elaborately stippled, but some reflect the fashion in art of the day, while others seem to suggest the influence of Mulready in the purplish carnations. The most noteworthy is a bust in profile of Blake, the mystic poet-painter, with gleaming eyes and fervid expression. Linnell, to his honour be it said, long befriended poor Blake; and at the family house at Redhill is one of the largest collections of Blake's works. By far the most striking portrait is, however, the half-length, in oil, life-size, of the "Rev. John Martin, Baptist Minister in Keppell-street in 1812" (36)—the head massive, with wide open eyes, clamped lips, and an expression far more indicative of theological bigotry than Christian charity. If we assume the date given to be that of the painting, it was done when the artist was but twenty. It could hardly be many years later; for some hardness and dryness betoken youthful inexperience. Such close observation and painstaking modelling of every strongly marked feature and trait, and such careful fusion of flesh tints, evince, however, a supreme effort of studentship; at the same time, it was such perfect single-mindedness of aim, looking neither to the right nor the left, that made Holbein's portraits what they are. Strange to say, it is like nothing else done by the painter; no one unacquainted with the fact could possibly conceive it to be his, and it is like nothing else in our school. But this utter fidelity to nature and self-effacement never again reappears, in anything like so marked a degree, in Linnell's portraits or landscapes. Among the other portraits are cabinet half-lengths of Sir Augustus Callicott, dated 1832, Sir Thomas and Lady Baring, and Carlyle, dated 1844 (16). The last is disappointing, but the Callicott is very good in its way; all, however, present a certain old-fashioned conventionality in treatment, and reflect contemporary influences.

It was, however, towards landscape-painting that Linnell from the first inclined. The portraits were painted for a livelihood; it was only in middle life that he became popular, and commenced to make and amass money. There are small sketches from nature here, dated 1806, when he was a boy of fourteen. "Removing Timber in Autumn" (26), dated two years later, is already a complete landscape of extraordinary merit for a youth of sixteen, and it next year carried off a prize of fifty guineas offered by the directors of the British Institution. The "Quoit Players" (33), of 1810, and the "Bayswater in 1814," also called "The Bird Catchers" (11), with which should doubtless be included the undated "Landscape with Haystack," (14), comprise the principal examples of the painter's first manner, or, as it may be called, the period of studentship. These reveal the influence of the Norwich school, Callicott, and others, rather than that of his reputed master and nearer associates. The colouring is grey or blackish, quite unlike the transparent glowing and florid tints of his near maturity and decadence. But their sincerity and modesty more than compensate for their comparative unattractiveness.

There seems to be a hiatus of several years in the collection before we arrive at "St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness" (39), dated 1828-33. Here Linnell has already formed his style, and walks unaided. A warm brown Rembrandtesque tone pervades the valley in which the multitude are assembled, indicative of evening, and the effect is solemn and imaginative. We may here advance a little by saying that, although dramatic conception is to be conceded to Linnell's treatment of ordinary landscape when at his best, his more ambitious compositions with scriptural or classical figures are very unequal. "Ulysses Landing in Ithaca," despite some fine passages, is scenic and unreal; and ill bears the comparison with Turner which it seems to invite. "The Eve of the Deluge" is not a little disappointing. The sky of fortuitous purple and orange is surely not adequately impressive. The position of the ark is awkward, nor are the figures well composed. The "upright" "Disobedient Prophet" (66) has impressiveness by virtue of the dark mass of the gorge, but the canvas seems unnecessarily large for the theme or materials. "The Last Glean before the Storm" of 1848 is a typical example of Linnell's dramatic treatment of ordinary landscape—shown chiefly in his love of grand sky effects. It is very striking, with its strong contrasts of black clouds and shadowed earth against the ray of light that whitens the cumuli athwart the mid-sky. But though the painting is technically admirable the contrasts are forced, and the ray suggests the lime-light of the theatre. There is strain and artifice here and elsewhere, not the unconscious power of the great master that makes itself felt more than seen. In other works of this middle period in which there is less effort, such as "The Timber Waggon," there are, however, fine qualities of colour and effect, and a sense of the exigencies of composition which won, as they deserved to win, his first reputation. The painter had now developed a peculiar style of execution or handling, the touch being well suited to indicative rather than realistic rendering of detail, and to grandiose treatment generally. The mode of execution formed a legitimate "style" at first, and helped to raise the artist's works above those of prosaic painters of detail—of whom there are now so many. But gradually the style degenerated into a mannerism that has been compared to worsted work.

The third and best known manner, which, as we have just intimated, is merely a gradual exaggeration and deterioration of the preceding, may be said to commence as early as 1850 or

'55—though the "Harvest Scene" (67) of '54, and the "Gravel Pits" (55) of '57, are as true to nature as some that came before them. We hardly need dwell on the many illustrations of this period, or their characteristics. All will recall the bright, thin colouring, the hot foreground, the yellow corn-fields, the cold, blue skies, the mottled sunsets, or slaty thunder-clouds of strange shapes, the loose foliage of one type, and the equally loose rocks or sandy roads and the frequently ungainly figures, yet the whole as effective and taking withal as it is shallow. When the painter discovered that he had hit the popular taste, progress is arrested; he repeats himself, and is content with manufacturing in the studio old materials in new combinations. The truth is that Linnell, although he lived for many years amidst some of the loveliest scenery of Surrey, could not for much of the time have looked at nature with a student's eye, or for any pictorial purpose beyond finding some fresh motive of general arrangement. It is told of him that before ever he resided there, he declared that a few trees to be seen from a suburban house furnished sufficient material for a landscape-painter. Had, indeed, his success been longer retarded, it is probable that he would have won a higher place in our school than he is likely to permanently hold.

## HOME NEWS.

On Thursday the Royal Courts of Justice were opened for the dispatch of business in the regular way.

The state apartments at Hampton Court Palace are again open to the general public.

Mr. A. W. Welch, M.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, has been appointed Head Master of Archbishop Holgate's School, in York.

Lord Aberdare opened a new Board School for Cathays, a suburb of Cardiff, last week. The building has been erected at a cost of £9000, and will accommodate 700 children.

The Highland Ball has been fixed for Friday, Feb. 16, at Willis's Rooms, the proceeds to be given to the fund for the alleviation of the distress in the West Highlands.

The offices of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition, 1883, have been removed from 24, Haymarket, to Exhibition-road, South Kensington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Milne Home, M.P., was presented by the inhabitants of Berwick, on Tuesday, with a silver salver, worth £105, in recognition of his services in Egypt.

Sir Samuel Martin, who resigned his place as a Baron of the Exchequer in 1874, died on Tuesday, at his residence in Piccadilly, in his eighty-second year.

The *Gazette* states that the Queen has been pleased to give orders for the appointment of Mr. George Talbot, Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, to be a C.B.

The National Exhibition of Home Manufactures in Dublin was closed last Saturday, when the Lord Mayor said that the exhibition had encouraged with great benefit the manufacturers in the country.

Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., distributed the Government prizes to the successful students of the Bournemouth School of Art last Saturday evening, and spoke of art as being the great cultivator of the nation.

The Fishmongers' Company state that the fish meters appointed by them seized at and near Billingsgate, last month, 20 tons 14 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of this 6 tons 12 cwt. came by land, and 14 tons 2 cwt. by water.

The second annual congress of the professors of the French language resident in England was held last week in Merchant Taylors' School, under the presidency of Count d'Aunay, Councillor to the French Embassy.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, the founder of the Free Library and Public Baths at Dunfermline (his birthplace), has subscribed £5000 towards the scheme for the establishment of a National College of Music.

The past week's arrivals at the Port of Liverpool of live stock and fresh meat from the United States and Canada show a falling off in live stock, and a somewhat large increase in fresh meat. The total shipments amounted to 500 sheep, 6677 quarters of beef, and 1823 carcasses of mutton.

The Probate Library has been removed from Westminster to the Royal Courts of Justice, and a commodious room, No. 537, overlooking New Inn, has been secured for it. Mr. Riches, the former custodian of the library, will continue to have charge of it.

A legacy of £500, which was bequeathed to the Artists' Benevolent Fund by Mr. Richard Ellison, of Sudbrook House, Lincolnshire, has been received by the bankers of the fund, and will aid in continuing the pensions granted to the widows and orphans now on the fund, the former numbering sixty-three, and the latter sixteen.

Viscount Ranelagh presided on Tuesday at a meeting of volunteer officers held to discuss the expediency of holding a review on Easter Monday. It was unanimously decided that the review should take place, and a committee was appointed to carry out the general arrangements. Communications were received from Brighton, Dover, and Aldershot, suggesting the neighbourhood of those towns as suitable for the review.

The annual meeting of the Royal Humane Society was held on Tuesday at their offices, Trafalgar-square—Mr. W. Hawes presiding. The report stated that three hundred rewards had been granted during the year for saving life. The gold medal was awarded to Constable John Jenkins, who jumped from Waterloo Bridge and saved a man that had attempted to drown himself.

At a meeting of the directors of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce on Monday the secretary read a letter from Mr. Colquhoun in reference to his proposed exploration in Burmah, in which he suggested that a sum of £7000 should be raised for this purpose by subscription, and that four of the leading Chambers of the country—London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow—should subscribe a minimum of £600 each. It was agreed to take up the suggestion at the next meeting.

The Brighton School of Science and Art, which was opened by Princess Louise a few years since, had a distribution of prizes at the Royal Pavilion on Monday night, the occasion being celebrated by a soirée, at which over 1000 guests were present. Besides two concerts, some dramatic performances, and a series of *tableaux vivants*, there was an exhibition of the pupils' drawings, the rooms, for the first time in the history of the once Royal Palace, being illuminated by electricity. Mrs. Cox, the Mayoress, distributed the prizes and certificates.

Recently, Miss Baxter, of Balgavies (sister of Sir David Baxter and aunt of the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter), and the late Dr. Baxter, Procurator Fiscal of Dundee, gave, jointly, £150,000 for the endowment and erection of a college in Dundee. The buildings have been acquired, professors appointed, and the work of the College will soon be begun. Miss Baxter has given another £10,000 to provide a laboratory, and the trustees of the late Dr. Baxter also £10,000 to found a chair of law.



## MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Prime Minister's sudden abandonment for the present of his intended visit to his constituents in Midlothian, and the cause thereof, have cast into the shade all other political occurrences of the week. Great is the disappointment felt by Mr. Gladstone's fervent admirers in and around Edinburgh. Yet the wisdom of the postponement of the trip must be patent to everybody who is aware of the protracted labours of Mr. Gladstone during the autumn Session, and who is ready to admit that some period of rest is indispensably necessary for the illustrious Statesman who has passed his seventy-third birthday, and has spent fifty years in the continuous service of his country. The right hon. gentleman himself explained the reasons for the non-fulfilment of his engagement in the following letter, addressed to the noble Earl, of whom he was to have been the guest:—

Hawarden Castle, Chester, Jan. 8, 1883.

My dear Rosebery,—I much regret that I have to confirm by letter the intimation made to you yesterday by telegraph, that Dr. Clark, who has kindly come from London to visit me, had directed, in an unequivocal manner, the abandonment of my projected visit to Midlothian in the present month.

The disturbance of sleep which led Dr. Clark to this conclusion is, in his view, but temporary, due only to too great and too prolonged a strain of work, and to be cured by a short period of abstinence as nearly complete as may be, possibly accompanied with change of place for the moment.

To pay this visit to Midlothian, and to give my generous constituents the opportunity of comparing fully and in detail my declarations before the Election of 1880 with my conduct since, has all along been regarded by me as matter of high obligation. I was much concerned to postpone the fulfilment of this duty on account of the Autumn Sittings, and I lament still more the present necessity for a further postponement; but I look with undiminished confidence to paying my visit at a future and, I hope, not very distant day.

In the meantime, I rely without fear on the indulgence which I have heretofore so largely experienced, and

I remain, ever yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reassuring was the news forthcoming from Hawarden the next day, when we learnt that Mr. Gladstone attended the early morning service conducted by his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, at the parish church; and, after luncheon, walked with Professor Stuart and other of his guests to Broughton Hall Station and back to the Castle, a distance of five miles. Indeed, it appeared that, freed from the burden of speech-preparing, Mr. Gladstone found vent for his indomitable energy in an endeavour to vie with Mr. Weston and his compeers in the path of prolonged pedestrianism. At the same time, the Premier does not seem to relax his efforts to finish what may be regarded as his most versatile literary work—namely, "The Complete Letter-Writer," the latest additions to which, a graceful Birthday epistle to a consumptive young lady, and an eloquent eulogium of Dante, have seen the light this week.

Whilst Mr. Gladstone thus seeks recreation in change of work, the chief political adversaries of the Prime Minister happen to be equally assiduous in holiday-making. Still sojourning at his French château, the Marquis of Salisbury finds diversion on the river or in the forest. Considerably invigorated, we are happy to hear, by his cruise in the Mediterranean, Sir Stafford Northcote reached Syracuse in the Pandora last Saturday. The right hon. Baronet is expected back in England by the end of January, fit and ready for the Parliamentary campaign.

The Premier having been compelled to give up the idea of speaking in Edinburgh next week, it will devolve upon the Marquis of Hartington to be the chief Ministerial spokesman this month. On the Friday and Saturday of next week, the new Secretary for War will address his constituents in North-east Lancashire—at Bacup on the former day, and at Darwen on the Saturday. Deeming, presumably, that he had done his share of speech-making in the series of somewhat dry orations he delivered to his constituents in Chelsea, and having on Monday secured his unopposed re-election for that borough, Sir Charles Dilke has taken his departure for his favourite residence in France, though it might justly be supposed that the new President of the Local Government Board would have required better material to guide him in a holiday trip through England. But to some of our politicians, Distance lends enchantment to the view of their native country.

Mr. Fawcett, every one is glad to learn, continues to mend in health. The Postmaster-General was on Monday able to leave town for Aldeburgh-on-Sea, where he is the guest of Mr. Newson Garrett.

Dr. Lyon Playfair resigns the Chairmanship of Committees on Ways and Means at the beginning of the Session. If Mr. Whitbread would only consent to succeed him, the House would not only secure a fair and firm Chairman who would be sure to give general satisfaction, but would also possess the best available successor to the Speakership itself when the time comes for Sir Henry Brand to resign.

Mr. Joseph Cowen on Monday addressed his constituents in the Townhall of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Oratorically, his speech was as eloquent as ever; from a logical point of view, it was as ineffective as usual of late with Mr. Cowen. Why will the hon. member persistently continue to injure his political position by the utterance of vain (if polished and barbed) diatribes against the rational policy of the Government in Ireland, and against the adoption of the reasonable Procedure rules in the House of Commons? However epigrammatically it may be expressed (and Mr. Cowen is admittedly a "master of the art of terse speech"), the policy of irreconcilable opposition falls in time.

Turning to Ireland, we find that Mr. Sexton, M.P., and Mr. Healy, M.P., have been lionised in Sligo. But the announcement that Mr. Sexton would address an assemblage of Irishmen at Cliffooney on Tuesday tolled the knell of the meeting.

Bournemouth is Liberal as well as salubrious. Keeping his hand in as Liberal Whip, Lord Richard Grosvenor addressed a meeting there, with Mr. Horace Davey, last Saturday. A vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone's Government was passed.

The second Irishman self-accused of being concerned in the Phoenix Park murders, has, like the first, been found innocent of the crime. But, unlike the first, he was not heedlessly discharged scot-free. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with hard labour, as a rogue and vagabond.

Great credit is due to the Hornsey Local Board for the public spirit it has shown. At a meeting of the board last week a resolution, proposed by Mr. R. H. Williams, was unanimously passed instructing the General Purposes Committee to consider the possibility of securing some of the Highgate Woods as a public recreation-ground. These woods, marked on the Ordnance map as Churchyard Bottom Wood and Gravel Pit Wood, are among the most charming and picturesque spots upon the northern heights of London; and this movement to secure them for public use is not a day too soon, as long lines of new houses are creeping—rather running—up the slope and around it. All who know anything of this delightful place must wish success to the Hornsey Board, the excellent example set by which might be followed with advantage by other suburban governments.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 9.

Once more the record of the Parisian week opens with a necrological list. After Gambetta Chanzy, and after Chanzy the sculptor Clésinger! General Chanzy died at the age of sixty, in his command at Châlons-sur-Marne, where his funeral took place yesterday with great pomp, at the expense of the State. In his famous campaign of the Loire in 1870-1 Chanzy was the instrument of that desperate but glorious national defence of which Gambetta was the soul and inspirer, and it was around these two names that were grouped the ideas of ultimate revenge and reconquest of the lost provinces. In case of complications, Chanzy would have been the French Commander-in-chief, while Gambetta, with his long-cherished plan of a Franco-Russian alliance, would have been the diplomatist, the citizen with whom, as with Thiers, the European Powers would have been ready to treat. It is from the point of view of her foreign relations that France will perhaps most acutely feel the loss of Gambetta. At home, the Republic seems strong enough to live without having need of individualities. To read the reactionary papers, one might imagine the King—"le Roy," with a y—was coming along about next week. The great question, which those papers neglect to answer, is, how this Monarchical restoration is to be effected. Is it to be the work of the Parliament, of a revolution, or of a coup d'état? Meanwhile, there is no reason why the Republic should not continue to administer public affairs wisely. Parliament met again to-day, sympathetic references being made in both Houses to Gambetta's death. In the course of a few weeks we may expect to see a new arrangement of parties. There is talk of M. de Freycinet resuming office shortly. Meanwhile, in an important speech at Lyons, M. Andrieux has taken up his ground as an advocate of moderation, and particularly of resistance to the anti-clerical propensities of certain groups of the Chamber. The other two men destined to become party leaders are MM. Clémenceau and Jules Ferry, with M. Brisson as arbitrator and probable successor of President Grévy.

Of the imposing ceremony of the funeral of Gambetta on Saturday last I need say but little, as a full account of it is given on another page. The spectacle was marvellous—more marvellous even than that of the funeral of Thiers, though it struck me as being far less solemn and sincere. It was too literally a spectacle, to which the crowd rushed rather in the spirit of holiday-seekers than of citizens lamenting the loss of their greatest patriot. I may mention, in passing, that a curious controversy has arisen between the friends of Gambetta and his father. The father insists upon burying his son at Nice; while the friends, supported by the Government, insist—perhaps too persistently—in wishing to bury Gambetta at Paris. This controversy affords the reactionary journalists an occasion for commentaries of a kind that may readily be imagined.

Durable impressions seem to be impossible for the French. Almost before to-day dawns yesterday is buried in oblivion. On Saturday public curiosity was absorbed in the funeral of Gambetta; on Sunday public curiosity was equally absorbed in the opening of the Eden Theatre and in the first masked ball at the Opera—the signal that the Carnival has really begun. The Opera ball was, as usual, a curious sight, at which you could feel amused or bored, according to the mood. The opening of the Eden Theatre was an immense success, both for the performance and for the house, an Assyro-Indian structure of fine proportions, roomy, airy, comfortable, and the only theatre in Paris really "fitted with all the modern improvements." The spectacle was an Italian ballet, "Excelsior," which has been performed with great success at La Scala, at Milan. It is danced by a corps de ballet of 500 persons, trained with a precision unknown in France. Before the ballet comes a circus, the arena of which is placed on the stage, and then, after the equestrian performance, hoisted up under the roof to make room for the dancers. The Parisians are greatly tickled by the wonders of this new edition of the earthly paradise.

The sculptor Clésinger, who died last Saturday, was an artist of the fiery, swaggering generation of 1830, a man of real genius, a nature of the sixteenth century flung by destiny into the struggles of the nineteenth. His life was a continual struggle against the Academy, against conventionality, against success, against creditors. His work is immense; it is scattered all over the world; and yet the artist dies leaving behind him nothing but his fame. Clésinger was sixty-eight years of age. In 1847 he married Solange Dudevant, the daughter of George Sand, but he only lived with her a few years.

T. C.

Señor Sagasta has been intrusted by the King of Spain with the formation of a new Cabinet, constituted as follows:—Señor Sagasta, Premier; Marshal Martinez Campos, Minister of War; Señor Guyon, Minister of the Interior; Señor Pelayo Cuesta, Minister of Finance; Señor Arce, Minister of the Colonies; Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Admiral Arias, Minister of Marine; Señor Gamazo, Minister of Public Works; Señor Romero Giron, Minister of Justice.

At the opening of the Reichstag in Berlin on Tuesday Prince Bismarck stated that the Emperor had granted 600,000 marks (£30,000) from the Imperial Treasury for the relief of the distress in the flooded districts. The Prince said he desired to arrange with the deputies of the districts as to the distribution of the money.

The great Court Ball on Monday evening at the Palace of Buda was a brilliant fête. Their Majesties did the honours with their usual grace. The Crown Prince and Princess left on Tuesday for Prague to prepare for their journey in the Greek Archipelago next month. The yacht Phantasie is being prepared for their reception in Trieste.

The Roumanian Chamber of Deputies have passed the motion for the revision of the Constitution by 101 to 20 votes.

In the United States the House has passed the Civil Service Reform Bill adopted by the Senate. The Senate has ratified the treaty between the United States and Corea. The Finance Committee of the Senate has reported a tariff bill to that House. This is a different measure from the bill prepared by the Tariff Commission, which is being considered by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Mr. Polk, Treasurer of the State of Tennessee, who is charged with embezzling the public funds, was arrested in Texas, escaped, and has been re-arrested. The *New York Herald* publishes a private letter, dated Filipposki, Siberia, July 31, 1882, from Mr. D. L. West, an American artist, reporting that he has discovered in a hut on the Gulf of Khatanska two men and a record indicating that they belonged to Lieutenant Chipp's party from the Jeannette. One was dead, and the other, who was unable to speak, died shortly after Mr. West came to the hut. The record mentions the death of three others.

His Excellency Lord Lorne and Princess Louise left Santa Barbara, California, last Saturday, on a steamer, for San Pedro,

thence a special train starts East. The *Times* correspondent at Philadelphia says that they will travel slowly, and will halt at San Gabriel, visiting Governor Stoneman's orange-groves and vineyards, and at Tucson, Arizona. Then they proceed through Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Richmond, and Charlestown. It is understood that on the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise at Charlestown the former will proceed to Washington, the Princess, whose health has improved, remaining at Charlestown for the winter.

Cetewayo left the farm in Cape Colony, where he has been living since he became a prisoner, yesterday week, on his return to Zululand. He proceeds from Cape Town to Port Durnford on board the gun-boat Briton.

The New South Wales new Parliament assembled at Sydney on the 3rd inst. In the Legislative Assembly the Opposition candidate for the post of Speaker was elected, and the Ministry immediately resigned. Lord Augustus Loftus, the Governor, has intrusted Mr. Alexander Stuart, member for Illawarra, with the formation of a new Cabinet, which is constituted as follows:—Colonial Secretary, Mr. Stuart; Treasurer, Mr. Dibbs; Department of Lands, Mr. Farnell; Department of Public Works, Mr. Copeland; Department of Mines, Mr. Abbott; Attorney-General, Mr. Dalley; Postmaster, Mr. Wright; Department of Justice, Mr. Cohen; Education, Mr. Reid. Mr. Barton defeated Mr. Allen for the Speakership. Mr. Jennings is Vice-President of the Executive Council.—The official returns of the revenue of New South Wales show an increase of £163,000 in the last quarter, and of £704,000 for the year. Of the latter improvement £133,000 is derived from taxation, £123,000 from pasture lands, £368,000 from railway receipts, and £80,000 from other sources of income. The Colonial Treasurer, in his financial statement, anticipated that the revenue for 1882 would reach £7,160,000, so that the actual amount yielded shows an excess of £258,000 over the estimates. The amount to the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund at the close of the year was £3,890,000, of which nearly £3,000,000 had been advanced to the general loan account, principally for the construction of new lines of railway.

The annual Legislative Session of the Jersey States Assembly opened on Monday, Sir Robert Marett, Bailiff, presiding. Several important measures will engage the attention of the Assembly.

## MANSION HOUSE JUVENILE FANCY BALL.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, and Mrs. Knight, the Lady Mayoress, gave a delightful entertainment to a great company of little people, at the Mansion House, on Thursday last week. It was a calico fancy-dress ball, for children between the ages of six and sixteen. Nearly a thousand guests accepted the invitation, attired in such varieties of costume as made the festive scene extremely gay and picturesque, aided by the pretty decorations of the principal rooms and the brilliancy of the electric light. There were Robin Hoods and Maid Marians, jockeys, Kate-Greenaways, Jacks and Jills, jesters, village maidens, charity children, jolly young watermen, and every conceivable kind of fancy garb. The company, who arrived between six and seven o'clock, included the Aldermen and Sheriffs, the members and officers of the Corporation, inhabitants of the ward of Cripplegate, of which the Lord Mayor is Alderman, members of Parliament, Royal Academicians, Queen's Counsel, bankers and merchants, with their families. They were received in the saloon by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, who were attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers and the City Marshal, and were surrounded by the junior members of the Lord Mayor's family, one dressed as Dick Whittington, another as Little Red Riding Hood, and a third as a Queen's page of the olden time. The programme of amusements was as diverse as the dresses worn by the guests. Chang, the Chinese giant, 8 ft. 6 in. high, and the new American midget called "Tiny Mite," 19 in. in height and weighing less than 5 lb., visited the ball at its height. There was dancing all the evening, followed by a procession of the children, in their various fancy dresses, round the Egyptian Hall. It finished with the dancing of Sir Roger de Coverley, about eleven o'clock.

## THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. G. McNEILL.

This young officer, killed in the recent Egyptian campaign, was son of the late Mr. Alexander McNeill, one of the Argyllshire family of Ardnacross. He had attained his twenty-third year on the very day of his death, Sept. 13, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He had entered the Army through the South Lincolnshire Militia, and, after serving for a few months with the King's Own Light Infantry (105th Regiment), was gazetted to the "Black Watch," Royal Highlanders, at the breaking out of hostilities. At the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, after the first line of intrenchments had been carried, a flanking fire was poured into the party to which he belonged. Seeing where it came from, he called on the men near him to charge the place, and, leading them on himself, was shot whilst in the act of mounting a parapet, within ten yards of the enemy.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

There is nothing very characteristic of a peculiarly Moslem city in the view of the Bridge and Barracks of Kasr-en-Nil, presented in our Special Artist's Sketch that is published this week. Except the few palm-trees, the camels, the riders on donkeys, and the costume of gown and turban or fez, worn by the people on this spot, the scene might not be taken for part of an Oriental city. The banks of the Nile, with the succession of large buildings from Boulak up the river to Masr-el-Atikah (the relic of El Fustat, which was the primitive Mohammedan capital) are distant some two miles from the real old Egyptian city, that of the Fatimih Caliphs, with its picturesque streets of native shops, bazaars, and secluded family dwellings, the Ghoriyah, with the stately old mosques, the Gemaliyah, crowded with tradesmen and their merchandise, and other notable features of the national chief town. Along the right bank of the river, above Boulak, where the famous Museum of Antiquities demands a visit, extend the grounds of several palaces belonging to the Khedive and to different members of his family, the barracks, the hospital, and other public institutions for which large and costly edifices have been erected, with the idea of giving an aspect of grandeur to the river front. Here is the iron bridge of Kasr-en-Nil, with the neighbouring military barracks, which were of late occupied by British troops; and this bridge is crossed on the road to the village of Ghizeh, and to the Pyramids which are situated on the left or west bank of the Nile, some distance above Cairo.

On New's-Year's Day two brothers left their home at Crynant, South Wales, intending to go carol-singing. As the lads did not return home, a search was made, and at length the bodies were found on the mountain side. They had perished from cold.





JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.





THE LATE LIEUT. J. G. McNEILL.  
KILLED AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.



THE LATE GENERAL CHANZY.



THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN CLOSE.

#### THE LATE GENERAL CHANZY.

The death of this distinguished French military commander, who bore a great part in the defence of his country against the German invasion, after the downfall of the Empire, in the autumn and winter of 1870, has been the more noticed from having happened four days after the death of Gambetta. Antoine Eugène Alfred Chanzy was the son of a Captain of the Cuirassiers of the First Napoleon, and was born at Nouart, in the Department of Ardennes, on March 18, 1823. He first entered the Navy, but soon left it for the Army, and served in Algeria, in Syria, and in the Italian War. After the disaster of Sedan, Gambetta, who had left Paris in a balloon, and assumed

the Government at Tours, gave him the command of the 16th Corps, which formed a portion of the Army of the Loire. This corps performed distinguished service at the battle of Coulmiers, fought on Nov. 9, and on Dec. 1 won the battle of Patay. The second battle of Coulmiers was disastrous to the French arms, and was followed by the retreat; after which, on Dec. 5, M. Gambetta appointed Chanzy Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army of the Loire. For two months Chanzy kept at bay the troops of Prince Frederick Charles, General von der Tann, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, whose progress he arrested for a time at Beaugency, Josnes, Marchenoir, and Origny. Between Vierzon and Le Mans he concentrated his army upon a firm base of operations, and held out successfully

till the surrender of Metz. After partially successful struggles at Vendôme on Dec. 15, at Montoire on the 27th, he was attacked on Jan. 19, 1871, at Montfort and Savigné l'Évêque, by the advanced guard of two German armies; and two days later had to contend with the forces of Prince Frederick Charles and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, amounting to 180,000 veteran troops, before whom he had to hasten a retreat, and to abandon Le Mans and the line of the Sarthe, to take refuge at Laval. During this operation he sustained a desperate fight with the 15th and 16th Corps, which enabled the bulk of his army to take up strong positions on the Mayenne. During the six days of this struggle he lost twelve guns and 20,000 men. While at Laval,



SKETCHES IN CAIRO: THE BRIDGE AND BARRACKS AT KASR-EN-NIL.



endeavouring to restore the spirit of his army and again preparing for an advance, the armistice was concluded. He was permitted by the Germans to come to Paris to give an account of his operations and of the forces yet available. He published some months later an interesting history of the operations of the Second Army of the Loire. He sat in the French National Assembly, and latterly in the Senate; held the office of Governor-General of Algeria in 1873, and was Ambassador to Russia in 1879.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Etienne Carjat, of Paris.

### THE LATE DEAN CLOSE.

We have recorded the death of the Very Rev. Francis Close, D.D., the late Dean of Carlisle, a clergyman well-known and highly esteemed. He was a descendant of Bishop Close, who held the see of Carlisle, and afterwards that of Lichfield, in the fifteenth century. The late Dean was youngest son of the Rev. Henry Jackson Close, some time Rector of Brentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, and was born in 1797. His early education was at Merchant Taylors' School. In October, 1816, he entered as a commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a scholar, graduated B.A. in 1820, and was ordained to the Curacy of Church Lawford, near Rugby, whence he removed, in 1822, to the Curacy of Willesden and Kingsbury, Middlesex. In the spring of 1824 he went to Cheltenham, and became Curate to the Rev. Charles Jervis, the Incumbent. In 1826 Mr. Jervis died, and Mr. Close was presented to the Incumbency. From that date until 1856 Mr. Close devoted himself entirely to his parochial duties at Cheltenham. During Mr. Close's Incumbency the population of Cheltenham increased from 19,000 to 40,000; he caused to be erected five district churches with schools, and contributed largely to the establishment of Cheltenham College. In 1856 he exchanged the duties of a parish priest for the Deanery of Carlisle, to which he was recommended by Lord Palmerston on the elevation of Dr. Tait to the See of London. By his efforts a new parish church for St. Mary's has been built, and the ancient portion of the nave of the cathedral has been restored. The late Dean married Miss Annie Arden, of Longcroft Hall, Staffordshire, and had two sons Colonels in the Army, and one an Admiral. He also had two brothers in the Royal Artillery and one in the Dragoon Guards; the latter was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Wellesley at the Battle of Assaye. So great were the military services of the Close and Arden family, that the Duke of Wellington offered the Dean a commission, without purchase, for one of his sons. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Scott and Son, of Carlisle.

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#### SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER III. PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.



EXT morning his nervous anxiety to get Yolande away at once out of London was almost pitiable to witness, though he strove as well as he could to conceal it from her. He had a hundred excuses. Outlands was becoming very pretty at that time of the year. There was little of importance going on in the House. London was not good for the roses in her cheeks. He himself would be glad of a breather up St. George's Hill, or a quiet stroll along to Chertsey. And so forth; and so forth.

Yolande was greatly disappointed. She had been secretly nursing the hope that at last she might be allowed to remain in London, in some capacity or another, as the constant companion of her father. She had enough sense to see that the time consumed in his continually coming to stay with her in the country must be a serious thing for a man in public life. She was in a dim sort of way afraid that these visits might become irksome to him, even

although he himself should not be aware of it. Then she had her ambitions, too. She had a vague impression that the country at large did not quite understand and appreciate her father; that the people did not know him as she knew him. How could they, if he were to be for ever forsaking his public duties in order to gad about with a girl just left school? Never before (Yolande was convinced) had the nation such urgent need of his services. There were a great many things wrong which he could put right; of that she had no manner of doubt. The Government were making a tyrannical use of a big majority to go their own way, not heeding the

warnings and protests of independent members; this amongst many other things ought to be attended to. And it was at such a time, and just when she had revealed to him her secret aspiration that she might perhaps become his private secretary, that he must needs tell her to pack up, and insist on quitting London with her. Yolande could not understand it; but she was a biddable and obedient kind of creature; and so she took her place in the four-wheeled cab without any word of complaint.

And yet, when once they were really on their way from London—when the railway-carriage was fairly out of the station—her father's manner seemed to gain so much in cheerfulness that she could hardly be sorry they had left. She had not noticed that he had been more anxious and nervous that morning than usual; but she could not fail to remark how much brighter his look was now they were out in the clearer air. And when Yolande saw her father's eyes light up like this—as they did occasionally—she was apt to forget about the injury that was being done to the affairs of the empire. They had been much together, these two; and anything appertaining to him was of keen interest to her; whereas the country at large was something of an abstraction; and the mechanical majority of the Government—for which she had a certain measure of contempt—little more than a name.

"Yolande," said he (they had the compartment to themselves), "I had a talk with John Shortlands last night."

"Yes, papa?"

"And if England slept well from that time until this morning it was because she little knew the fate in store for her. Think of this, child; I half threatened to throw up my place in Parliament altogether—letting the country go to the mischief if it liked; and then the arrangement would be that you and I, Yolande—now just consider this—that you and I should start away together, and roam all over the world, looking at everything, and amusing ourselves—going just where we liked—no one to interfere with us—you and I all by ourselves—now, Yolande!"

She had clasped her hands with a quick delight.

"Oh, papa, that would indeed!"

But she stopped; and instantly her face grew grave again. "Oh, no," she said, "no; it would not do. Last night, papa, you were reproachful of me!"

"Reproachful of me!" he repeated, mockingly.

"Reproachful to me?" she said, with inquiring eyes. But he himself was not ready with the correct phrase; and so she went on: "Last night you were reproachful that I had taken up so much of your time; and though it was all in fun, still it was true; and now I am no longer a schoolgirl; and I wish to help you if I can; and not be merely tiresome and an encumbrance!"

"You are so much of an encumbrance, Yolande!" he said, with a laugh.

"Yes," she said, gravely, "you would tire of me if we went away like that. In time you would tire. One would tire of always being amused; all the people that we see have work

to do; and some day—it might be a long time—but some day you would think of Parliament, and you would think you had given it up for me!"

"Don't make such a mistake!" said he. "Do not consider yourself of such importance, Miss. If I threw over Slagpool, and started as a wandering Jew—I mean we should be two Wandering Jews, you know, Yolande—it would be quite as much on my own account as yours!"

"You would become tired of being amused. You could not always travel," she said. She put her hand on his hand. "Ah, I see what it is," she said, with a little laugh. "You are concealing. That is your kindness, papa. You think I am too much alone; it is not enough that you sacrifice to-day, to-morrow, next day, to me; you wish to make a sacrifice altogether; and you pretend you are tired of politics. But you cannot make me blind to it. I see—oh, quite clearly I can see through your pretence!"

He was scarcely listening to her now.

"I suppose," he said, absently, "it is one of those fine things that are too fine ever to become true. Fancy now—the two of us just wandering away wherever we pleased—resting a day, a week, a month, when we came to some beautiful place—all by ourselves in the wide world!"

"I have often noticed that, papa," she said, "that you like to talk about being away—about being remote!"

"But we should not be like the Wandering Jew in one respect," he said, almost to himself. "The years would tell. There would be a difference. Something might happen to one of us."

And then, apparently, a new suggestion entered his mind. He glanced at the girl opposite him—timidly and anxiously.

"Yolande," said he, "I—I wonder now—I suppose at your age—well, have you ever thought of getting married?"

She looked up at him with her clear, frank eyes, and when she was startled like that her mouth had the slight pathetic droop, already noticed, that made her face so sensitive and charming.

"Why, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times!" she exclaimed, still with the soft clear eyes wondering.

His eyes were turned away. He appeared to attach no importance to this confession.

"Of course," she said, "when I say I have thought hundreds of times of getting married it is about not getting married that I mean. No. That is my resolution. Oh, many a time I have said that to myself. I shall not marry—never—no one."

In spite of himself his face suddenly brightened up; and it was quite cheerfully that he went on to say—

"Oh, but, Yolande, that is absurd. Of course you will marry. Of course you must marry."

"When you put me away, papa."

"When I put you away!" he repeated, with a laugh.

"Yes," she continued, quite simply. "That was what Madame used to say. She used to say 'If your papa marries again, that is what you must expect. It will be better for



you to leave the house. But your papa is rich; you will have a good portion; then you will find some one to marry you, and give you also an establishment." "Very well," I said, "but that is going too far, Madame; and until my papa tells me to go away from him I shall not go away, and there is not any necessity that I shall marry anyone."

"I wish Madame had minded her own affairs," Mr. Winterbourne said angrily. "I am not likely to marry again. I shall not marry again. Put that out of your head, Yolande—at once, and for always. But as for you—well, don't you see, child—I—I can't live for ever; and you have got no very near relatives; and besides, living with relatives isn't always the pleasantest of things; and I should like to see your future quite settled. I should like to know that—that!"

"My future!" Yolande said, with a light laugh. "No, I will have nothing to do with a future; is not the present very good? Look—here I am; I have you; we are going out together, to have walks, rides, boating: is it not enough? Do I want any stranger to come in to interfere? No; some day you will say 'Yolande, you worry me. You stop my work. Now I am going to attend to Parliament; and you have got to marry; and go off; and not worry me.' Very well. It is enough. What I shall say is this: Papa, choose for me. What do I know? I do not know, and I do not care. Only a few things are necessary—are quite entirely necessary. He must not talk all day long about horses. And he must be in Parliament. And he must be on your side in Parliament. How much is that—three?—three qualifications. That is all."

Indeed, he found it was no use trying to talk to her seriously about this matter. She laughed it aside. She did not believe there was any fear about her future. She was well content with the world as it existed: was not the day fine enough, and Weybridge, and Chertsey, and Esher, and Moulsey all awaiting them? If her father would leave his Parliamentary duties to look after themselves, she was resolved to make the most of the holiday.

"Oh, but you don't know," said he, quite falling in with her mood, "you don't know, Yolande, one fifteenth part of what is in store for you. I don't believe you have the faintest idea why I am going down to Oatlands at this minute."

"Well, I don't, papa," she said, "except through a madness of kindness."

"Would it surprise you if I asked Mrs. Graham to take you with them for that sail to Suez or Aden?"

She threw up her hands in affright.

"Alone?" she exclaimed. "To go away alone with strangers?"

"Oh, no; I should be going also—of course."

"But the time?"

"I should be back for the Budget. Yolande," said he, gravely, "I am convinced—I am seriously convinced—that no one should be allowed to sit in Parliament who has not visited Gibraltar, and the island of Malta, and such places, and seen how the empire is held together, and what our foreign possessions are."

"It is only an excuse, papa—it is only an excuse to give me another holiday!"

"Be quiet. I tell you the country ought to compel its legislators to go out in batches—paying the expenses of the poorer ones, of course—and see for themselves what our soldiers and sailors are doing for us. I am certain that I have no right to sit in Parliament until I have visited the fortifications of Malta and inspected the Suez Canal."

"Oh, if it is absolutely necessary," Yolande said, with a similar gravity.

"It is absolutely necessary. I have long felt it to be so. I feel it is a duty to my country that we should personally examine Malta."

"Very well, papa," said Yolande, who was so pleased to find her father in such good humour that she forbore to protest, even though she was vaguely aware that the confidence of the electorate of Slagpool was again being abused in order that she should enjoy another long and idling voyage, with the only companion whom she cared to have with her.

The Grahams were the very first people they saw when they reached Oatlands. Colonel Graham—a tall, stout, grizzled, good-natured-looking man—was lying back in a garden-seat, smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper; while his wife was standing close by, calling to her baby, which plump small person was vainly trying to walk to her, under the guidance of an ayah, whose dusky skin and silver ornaments and flowing garments of Indian red looked picturesque enough on an English lawn. Mrs. Graham was a pretty woman, of middle height, with a pale face, a square forehead, short hair inclined to curl, and dark grey eyes with black eyelashes, and black eyebrows. But along with her prettiness, which was only moderate, she had an exceedingly fascinating manner, and a style that was at least attractive to men. Women, especially when they found themselves deserted, did not like her style; they said there was rather too much of it; they said it savoured of the garrison-flirt, and was obviously an importation from India; and they thought she talked too much, and laughed too much, and altogether had too little of the dignity of a matron. No doubt they would have hinted something about the obscurity of her birth and parentage, had that been possible. But it was not possible; for everybody knew that when Colonel Graham married her, as his second wife, she was the only daughter of Lord Lynn, who was the thirteenth baron of that name in the peerage of Scotland.

Now this pretty, pale-faced, grey-eyed woman professed herself overjoyed when Mr. Winterbourne said there was a chance of his daughter and himself joining her and her husband on their suggested P. and O. trip; but the lazy, good-humoured-looking soldier glanced up from his paper and said—

"Look here, Polly, it's too absurd. What would people say! It's all very well for you and me; we are old Indians and don't mind; but if Mr. Winterbourne is coming with us—and you, Miss Winterbourne—we must do something more reasonable and Christian-like than sail out to Suez or Aden and back, all for nothing."

"But nothing could suit us better!" Yolande's father said—indeed, he did not mind where or why he went, so long as he got away from England, and Yolande with him.

"Oh, but we must do something," Colonel Graham said. "Look here. When we were at Peshawur a young fellow came up there—you remember young Ismat, Polly?—well, I was of some little assistance to him; and he said any time we wanted to see something of the Nile I could have his father's dahabeeyah—or rather one of them, for his father is Governor of Merhadj, and a bit of a swell, I fancy. There you are, now. That would be something to do. People wouldn't think we were idiots. We could have our sail all the same to Suez, and see the old faces at Gib. and Malta; then we could have a skim up the Nile a bit—and, by-the-way, we shall have it all to ourselves just now."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Winterbourne eagerly, for his imagination seemed easily captured by the suggestion of anything remote. "Nothing could be more admirable! Yolande, what do you say?"

Yolande's face was sufficient answer.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Graham, in an awful whisper, "have you got a Levinge?"

"A what?" said Yolande.

"You have not? And you might have gone to Egypt, at this time of the year, without a Levinge!"

"What are you talking about the time of the year, Polly!" her husband cried, peevishly. "It is the only time of the year that the Nile is tolerable. It is no longer a Cockney route. You have the whole place to yourself—at least, so Ismat Effendi assured me; and if he has given me a wrong tip, wait till I get hold of him by the nape of his Egyptian neck. And you needn't frighten Miss Yolande about mosquitoes or any of the other creatures of darkness; for you've only to get her one of those shroud things!"

"Just what I was saying!" his wife protested.

Indeed, she seemed greatly pleased about this project; and when they went in to lunch, they had a table to themselves, so as to secure a full and free discussion of plans. Mrs. Graham talked in the most motherly way to Yolande; and petted her. She declared that those voyages to America, of which Yolande had told her, had nothing of the charm and variety and picturesqueness of the sail along the African shores. Yolande would be delighted with it; with the people on board; with the ports they would call at; with the blue of the Mediterranean Sea. It was all a wonder, as she described it.

But she was a shrewd-headed little woman. Very soon after lunch she found an opportunity of talking with her husband alone.

"I think Yolande Winterbourne prettier and prettier the longer I see her," she said, carelessly.

"She's a good-looking girl. You'll have to look out, Polly. You won't have the whole ship waiting on you this time."

"And very rich—quite an heiress, they say."

"I suppose Winterbourne is pretty well off."

"He himself has nothing to do with the firm now, I suppose."

"I think not."

"Besides, making engines is quite respectable. Nobody could complain of that."

"I shouldn't, if it brought me in £15,000 or £20,000 a year," her husband said, grimly. "I'd precious soon have Inverstronach added on to Inverstray."

"Oh," she said, blithely, "talking about the north, I haven't heard from Archie for a long time. I wonder what he is about—watching the nesting of the grouse, I suppose. I say, Jim, I wish you'd let me ask him to go with us. It's rather dull for him up there; my father isn't easy to live with. May I ask him?"

She spoke very prettily and pleadingly.

"He'll have to pay his own fare to Suez and back, then," her husband answered, rather roughly.

"Oh, yes; why not?" she said, with great innocence: "I am sure poor Archie is always willing to pay when he can; and I do wish my father would be a little more liberal. I am sure he might. Every inch of shooting and fishing was let last year!—even the couple of hundred yards along the river that Archie always has had for himself. I don't believe he threw a fly last year!"

"He did on the Stroy," her husband said, gloomily.

"That was because you were so awfully good to him," said his wife, in her sweetest manner. "And you can be awfully good to people, Jim, when you don't let the black bear ride on your shoulders."

Then Mrs. Graham, smoothing her pretty short curls, and with much pleasure visible in the pretty dark grey eyes, went to her own room and sate down, and wrote as follows:—

"Dear Archie,

"Jim's good nature is beyond anything. We are going to have a look at Gib. again, and at Malta, just for auld lang syne; and then Jim talks of taking us up the Nile a bit; and he says you ought to go with us, and you will only have to pay your passage to Suez and back—which you could easily save out of your hats and boots if you would only be a little less extravagant, and get them in Inverness instead of in London. Mr. Winterbourne, the member for Slagpool, is going with us; and he and Jim will halve the expenses of the Nile voyage. Mr. Winterbourne's daughter makes up the party. She is rather nice, I think; but only a child. Let me know at once. There is a P. and O. on the 17th—I think we shall catch that; Jim and the captain are old friends."

"Your loving sister,  
"Polly."

She folded up the letter; put it in an envelope; and addressed it so—

The Hon. the Master of Lynn,  
Lynn Towers,  
by Inverness, N.B.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

A voyage in a P. and O. steamer is so familiar a matter to thousands of English readers that very little need be said about it here in detail, except, indeed, in so far as this particular voyage affected the fortunes of these one or two people. And Yolande's personal experiences began early. The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool-street station—hurrying, talking, laughing, and scanning possible ship-companions with an eager curiosity; and in the midst of them, Yolande, for a wonder—her father having gone to look after some luggage—found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-resounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She was a respectably dressed person, apparently a mechanic's wife; but her features bore the marks of recent crying—they were all "beggruten," as the Scotch say. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny—but it was only the women she regarded—she went up to Yolande.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," she said—but she could say no more, for her face was tremulous.

Yolande looked at her; thought she was drunk; and turned away, rather frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Miss"—And with that her trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you; I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eyes that said something to her. She was startled; and stood still.

"Are—are you going farther than Gibraltar, Miss?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so," said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak, ineffectually; then she said—

"Two days out from—from Gibraltar—would you be so kind, Miss, as to put—these flowers—on the water?—My little girl was buried at sea—two days out!"

"Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly—with a big lump in her throat. "Oh, yes, I will! I am so sorry for you!"

She took the basket. The woman burst out crying; and hid her face in her hands; and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up—hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea—these are some flowers!"

Yolande went quickly after her, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face.

"Jane. We called her Janie; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, Miss—it was—it was two days beyond Gibraltar that—that we buried her!"

"Oh, no; do you think I could forget?" Yolande said; and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand, and pressed it; and said, "God bless you, Miss—I thought I could trust your face"; then she hurried away.

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them (with her own eyes a little bit moist) of the mission with which she had been intrusted; but neither she nor they thought of asking why, out of all the people about to go down by the steamer train, this poor woman should have picked out Yolande as the one by whom she would like to have those flowers strewn on her child's ocean grave. Perhaps there was something in the girl's face that assured the mother that she was not likely to forget.

And at last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind; the former establishing themselves in the compartments, the latter talking all the more eagerly as the time grew shorter. And Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother.

"There," she said to her husband, as the door of the carriage was finally locked, and the train began to move out of the station, "I told you. I told you I should not be surprised. It is just like him—always wanting to be too clever. Well, his coolness has cost him something this time. I told you I should not at all be surprised if he missed the train altogether."

"I don't think the Master's finances are likely to run to a special," her husband said, good-humouredly.

"Oh, it is too provoking!" exclaimed the pretty young matron (but, with all her anger, she did not forget to smooth her tightly-fitting costume as she settled into her seat). "It is too provoking! I left Baby at home more on his account than on anyone else's. If there was the slightest sound, I knew he would declare that Baby had been crying all the night through. There never was a better baby—never! Now, was there ever, Jim?"

"Well, I can't answer for all the babies that ever were in the world," her husband said, in his easy, good-natured way; "but it is a good enough baby, as babies go!"

"It is the very best-tempered baby I ever saw or heard of," she said, emphatically; and she turned to Yolande. "Just think, dear, of my leaving Baby in England for two whole months, and mostly because I knew my brother would complain. And now he goes and misses the train—through laziness, or indifference, or wanting to be too sharp!"

"I should think that Baby would be much better off on land than on board ship," said Yolande, with a smile.

"Of course, Miss Winterbourne," the Colonel said.

"You're quite right. A baby on board a ship is a nuisance."

"Jim! You don't deserve!"

"And there's another thing," continued the stout and grizzled soldier, with the most stolid composure. "I've seen it often on board ship. I know what happens. If the mother of the baby is old or ugly, it's all right; the baby is let alone. But if she's young and good-looking, it's wonderful how the young fellows begin and pet the baby, and feed it up on toffy and oranges. What do they know? Hang 'em, they'd fetch up pastry from the saloon and give it to a two-year-old. That ain't good for a baby."

"Poor Archie!" said his wife, rather inconsequently, "it will be such a disappointment for him."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Colonel Graham, "I believe he has never heard that the P. and O. ships don't stop at Southampton now. Never mind, Polly; he can go overland, if he wants to catch us up at Cairo."

"And miss the whole voyage!" she exclaimed, aghast. "And forfeit his passage-money? Fancy the cost of the railway journey to Brindisi!"

"Well, if people will miss trains, they must pay the penalty," her husband remarked, quietly; and there was an end of that.

At Tilbury there was the usual scramble of getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender; and the natural curiosity with which everyone was eager to scan the great and stately vessel which was to be their floating home for many a day. And here there was a surprise for at least one of the party. When, after long delays, and after a hurried steaming out into the river, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lascar crew were the most conspicuous points of colour. But there were obviously a number of other people on board, besides the dusky crew and their English officers.

"There he is—I can make him out," observed Colonel Graham.

"Who?" his wife asked.

"Why, the Master of Lynn," he answered, coolly.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, in either real or affected anger. "Shan't I give it him! To think of his causing us all this disquietude!"

"Speak for yourself, Polly," her husband said, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane-deck, leaning over the rail, and watching the approach of the tender. "I wasn't much put out, was I? And apparently he hasn't been; for he is smoking a cigar, and chatting to—yes, by Jove! it's Jack Douglas—and young Mackenzie of Sleat—oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him?—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay—there's young Fraser, too, eye-glass and all—a regular gathering of the clans—there'll be some Nap going among those boys!"

"I hope you won't let Archie play, then!" his wife said, sharply. But she turned with a charming little smile to Yolande. "You mustn't think my brother is a gambler, you know, dear; but really some of those young officers play far beyond their means, and Archie is very popular amongst them, I am told!"

But by this time everybody was scrambling on to the paddle-boxes of the tender, and from thence ascending to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gangway, awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five-and-twenty, slim, well built, with a pale, olive complexion, and a perfectly clean-shaven face; and he had the square forehead, the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant grey eyes with dark eyelashes that his sister had. But he had not her half-curly hair; for his was shorn bare, in soldier fashion—though he was not a soldier.



"How are you, Graham? How are you, Polly?" said he. "Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said, angrily. "Why were you not at the station? Why did you not tell us? Of course, we thought you had missed the train! I wish you would take the trouble to let people know what you are about—Let me introduce you to Miss Winterbourne—Yolande, dear, this is my brother Archie—Mr. Winterbourne, my brother, Mr. Leslie—Well, now, what have you to say for yourself?"

He had thrown away his cigar.

"Not much," said he, smiling good-naturedly, and taking some wraps and things from her which her husband had selfishly allowed her to carry. "I went down to see some fellows at Chatham last night; and of course I stayed there and came over in the morning. Sorry I vexed you. You see, Miss Winterbourne, my sister likes platform parade; she likes to have people round her for half an hour before the train starts; and she likes to walk up and down, for it shows off her figure and her dress: isn't that so, Polly? But you hadn't half your display this morning, apparently. Where's Baby? Where's Ayah?"

"You know very well. You would have been grumbling all the time if I had brought Baby."

"Well," said he, looking rather aghast, "If you've left Baby behind on my account, I shall have a pleasant time of it. I don't believe you. But tell me the number of your cabin and I'll take these things down for you. I'm on the spar-deck, thank goodness."

"Miss Winterbourne's cabin is next to mine; so you can take her things down too."

"No, thank you," said Yolande, who was looking out for her luggage (her maid being in a hopeless state of bewilderment), and who had nothing in her hand but the little basket. "I will take this down myself, by-and-bye."

There was a great bustle and confusion on board; friends giving farewell messages; passengers seeking out their cabins; the bare-armed and bare-footed lascars, with their blue blouses and red turbans, hoisting luggage on to their shoulders and carrying it along the passages. Mr. Winterbourne was impatient.

"I hate this—this confusion and noise," he said.

"But, papa," said Yolande, "I know your things as well as my own. Jane and I will see to them when they come on board. Please go away and get some lunch—please! Everything will be quiet in a little while."

"I wish we were off," he said, in the same impatient way. "This delay is quite unnecessary. It is always the same. We ought to have started before now. Why doesn't the Captain order the ship to be cleared?"

"Papa, dear, do go and get places at the table. The Grahams have gone below. And have something very nice waiting for me. See, there comes your other portmanteau, now; and there is only the topce-box; and I know it because I put a bit of red silk on the handle. Papa, do go down and get us comfortable places—I will come as soon as I have sent your topce-box to your cabin. I suppose we shall be near the Grahams."

"Oh, I know where Mrs. Graham will be," her father said, peevishly. "She will be next the captain. She is the sort of woman who always sits next the captain."

"Then the captain is very lucky, papa," said Yolande, mildly, "for she is exceedingly nice; and she has been exceedingly kind to me."

"I suppose the day will come when this captain, or any other captain, would be just as glad to have you sit next him," he said.

"Papa," she said, with a smile, "are you jealous of Mrs. Graham for my sake? I am sure I do not wish to sit next the captain; I have not even seen him yet that I know of."

But this delay, necessary or unnecessary, made him irritable and anxious. He would not go to the saloon until he had seen all the luggage—both his and Yolande's—dispatched to their respective cabins. Then he began to inquire why the ship did not start? Why were the strangers not packed off on board the tender and sent ashore? Why did the chief officer allow these boats to be hanging about? The agent of the company had no right to be standing talking on deck two hours after the ship was timed to sail.

Meanwhile Yolande stole away to her own cabin, and carefully, and religiously—and, indeed, with a little choking in the throat—opened the little basket that held the flowers, to see whether they might not be the better for a sprinkling of water. They were rather expensive flowers for a poor woman to have bought; and the damp moss in which they were embedded, and the basket itself also, were more suggestive of Covent Garden than of Whitechapel. Yolande poured some water into the wash-hand basin; and dipped her fingers into it; and very carefully and tenderly sprinkled the flowers over. And then she considered what was likely to be the coolest and safest place in the cabin for them; and hung the basket there; and came out again—shutting the door, involuntarily, with quietness.

She passed through the saloon, and went up on deck. Her father was still there.

"Papa," said she, "you are a very unnatural person. You are starving me!"

"Haven't you had lunch, Yolande?" said he, with a sudden compunction.

"No, I have not. Do I ever have lunch without you? I am waiting for you."

"Really, this delay is most atrocious!" he said. "What is the use of advertising one hour, and sailing at another? There can be no excuse. The tender has gone ashore!"

"Oh, but, papa; they say there is a lady who missed the train, and is coming down by a special!"

"I don't believe a word of it! Why, that is worse. The absurdity of keeping a ship like this waiting for an idiot of a woman!"

"I am so hungry, papa!"

"Well, go down below, and get something. If you can. No doubt the gross mismanagement reaches to the saloon tables as well."

She put her hand within his arm; and half drew him along to the companion way.

"What is the difference of an hour or two," said she, "if we are to be at sea for a fortnight? Perhaps the poor lady who is coming down by the special train has someone ill abroad. And—and besides, papa, I am so very, very, very hungry."

He went down with her to the saloon, and took his place in silence. Yolande sat next to Mrs. Graham, who was very talkative and merry—even though there was no captain in his place to do her honour. Young Archie Leslie was opposite; so was Colonel Graham. They were mostly idling; but Yolande was hungry, and they were all anxious to help her at once, though the silent dusky stewards knew their duties well enough.

By-and-by, when they were talking about anything or nothing, it occurred to the young Master of Lynn to say—

"I suppose you don't know that we are off?"

"No! impossible!" was the general cry.

"Oh, but we are, though. Look!"

Mr. Winterbourne quickly got up and went to one of the

ports; there, undoubtedly, were the river banks slowly, slowly going astern.

He went back to his seat, putting his hand on Yolande's shoulder as he sat down.

"Yolande," said he, "do you know that we are off—really and truly going away from England—altogether quit from its shores?"

His manner had almost instantly changed. His spirits quickly brightened up. He made himself most agreeable to Mrs. Graham; and was humorous in his quiet half-sardonic way; and was altogether pleased with the appearance and the appointments of the ship. To fancy this great mass of metal moving away like that and the throbbing of the screw scarcely to be detected!

"You know, my dear Mrs. Graham," he said, presently, "this child of mine is a most economical—even a penurious—creature; and I must depend on you to force her to make proper purchases at the different places—all the kinds of things that women-folk prize, don't you know. Lace, now; what is the use of being at Malta if you don't buy lace? And embroideries and things of that kind; she ought to bring back enough of eastern silks and stuffs to last her a life-time. And jewellery, too—silver suits her very well—she must get plenty of that at Cairo!"

"Oh, you can leave that to my wife," Colonel Graham said confidently. "She'd buy up the Pyramids if she could take them home. I'm glad it won't be my money."

And this was but one small item of expectation. The voyage before them furnished forth endless hopes and schemes. They all adjourned to the hurricane-deck; and here his mood of contented cheerfulness was still more obvious. He was quite delighted with the cleanness and order of the ship, and with the courtesy of the captain, and with the smart look of the officers; and he even expressed approval of the pretty, quiet, not romantic scenery of the estuary of the Thames. Yolande was with him. When they walked, they walked arm-in-arm. He said he thought the Grahams were likely to be excellent companions; Mrs. Graham was a charming woman; there was a good deal of quiet humour about her husband; the Master of Lynn was a frank-mannered young fellow, with honest eyes. His step grew jaunty. He told Yolande she must, when in Egypt, buy at least half-a-dozen eastern costumes, the more gorgeous the better, so that she should never be at a loss when asked to go to a fancy-dress ball.

And at dinner, too, in the evening it was a delight to Yolande to sit next him and listen to his chuckles and his little jokes. Care seemed to have left him altogether. The night, when they went on deck again, was dark; but a dark night pleased him as much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And then they sat down with their friends; and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long thin dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night-time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and despairs, and hushed joys all hidden away there in the silence. And perhaps Yolande was thinking most of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that night with its aching sorrow. It was her first actual contact with human misery; and she could not help thinking of the woman's face. That was terrible, and sad beyond anything that she could have imagined. For indeed her own life so far had been among the roses. As Mrs. Graham had said, she was but a child.

#### A YEAR'S BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN LONDON.

In the course of the past year there were 133,201 births registered as having taken place in London; the annual rate was therefore 34·3 per thousand inhabitants against 34·7 in 1881, when the number was 132,674. The mean rate in the forty-three years 1838-80 is 34·1, and the excess of births over deaths in the past year is 50,296, this number representing the natural growth of population in 1882.

According to the last annual return of the Registrar-General, there were 34,144 marriages celebrated in London. Of this total 28,727 took place according to the rites of the Church, and 5417 related to Nonconformists. Of the 28,727 Church marriages, 34 were by special license, 2980 were by the ordinary license, 25,673 by banns, 19 were on production of the Superintendent Registrar's certificate, and in 21 cases the particulars are not stated. Of the 5417 Nonconformist marriages 1247 were of Roman Catholics, 1329 related to other Christian denominations; 2499 took place in the Register office, 5 were of Quakers, and 337 of Jews. The 34,144 marriages are thus distributed according to seasons:—7163 in the March quarter, 7936 in the June quarter, 9260 in the September quarter, and 9785 in the December quarter. There were 28,263 marriages between bachelors and spinsters, 1486 between bachelors and widows, 2813 between widowers and spinsters, and 1582 of widowers with widows. It is stated that there were 4395 men married under twenty-one, and 3068 women. There were 2433 cases in which the man signed the marriage registers by mark, and 3529 women. There were 1032 instances in which both the man and woman signed by mark, and 3898 cases where one of the parties adopted this mode of signature.

The deaths in London were 82,905, giving rise to an annual rate of 21·3 per thousand inhabitants, against 21·2 last year, 22·1 being the mean of the years 1838-80. The 82,905 deaths included 20,122 of infants under one and 17,184 of adults aged sixty and upwards. The deaths of 15,703 persons took place in workhouses, hospitals, and other public institutions, 5639 were inquired into before coroners, and 2911 were due to violence—that is to say, these were chiefly fatal accidents. Smallpox shows a great decline, the fatal cases falling from 2371 in 1881 to 429 last year. Measles decreased slightly—namely, from 2533 to 2329. Scarlet fever fell from 2108 to 2004, and fevers of other types from 1196 to 1117. Diphtheria was more fatal last year, the fatal cases rising from 654 to 863. Whooping-cough was very fatal, the deaths rising from 1961 to 4647. Diarrhoea declined from 2988 to 2162.

An amateur performance, in which the children of Mr. Charles Dickens, and grandchildren of the immortal novelist, appeared in association with some of the family of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, was given the other day at the Assembly Rooms, Crawley, Sussex. The programme was repeated on Thursday evening at the Townhall, Kilburn, in aid of the building fund of "the Home for Sick and Incurable Children."

A masquerade carnival was enacted at Dover Castle last Saturday night. Many of the characters represented were Shakespearean, while there were also soldiers of ancient and modern nationalities. A torchlight procession proceeded from the keep-yard to the theatre, where a burlesque, written by Colonel Goodenough, was represented. The performance was afterwards repeated at the officers' mess before the General Commanding and a select assembly.

#### AT THE CIRCUS.

Children in the Christmas holidays may be taken freely to a variety of public entertainments, and the elders will enjoy nothing so much as to sympathise with their innocent pleasure. The performances of the Equestrian Circus, with the display of so much beauty and docility in the horses, of such graceful skill in the riders, and of grotesque comicality in the tricks and talk of the clowns, never fail to afford them great delight. Half a century, in one instance now before us among the existing London places of amusement, has preserved the name and general reputation of a favourite company exhibiting feats of this kind. Men and women, now grey-haired and toothless, still fondly remember the joy of their infancy at Hengler's, or at Astley's, to which Sanger's Grand Amphitheatre is a worthy successor. "The child," says a philosophical poet, "is father of the man"; and we would add that the little unbreeched boy, or the short-skirted little girl, may in this sense be the living grandfather or grandmother of their own aged personality, the man or woman of sixty. It is the happiest privilege and sufficing consolation of old age to share the fresh gladness of the young; and the purse of monied seniors can be opened to no better uses than to give the little ones a treat like this at the Circus. May we never be too old, too grave, too sad, too wise, or rather too dull and stupid, to laugh with them at the jokes of the ring—to thrill with exulting rapture at the gallop of brave horsemen and horsewomen, poised in perilous attitudes, round the orbit of their dizzy motion—at the flying leap through successive disks of silver paper, held aloft by the careful master of the course—at the mazy dance of those noble animals, splendidly caparisoned, bearing the gallant figures of mimic chivalry, and ladies in splendid attire! The feats, too, of athletic and gymnastic strength—the jumps, the climbs, the somersaults, the back-bendings, the up-rearing of a pyramid of human bodies and limbs, held together by mere muscular force, one piled upon the other, on shoulders or heads, hands or inverted feet, to a terrific height above the ground—there is a perennial delight in these proofs of strenuous energy, which we shall not belie, though gout and asthma have brought us to a creeping pace. Is it possible, then, for the spectator at the Circus, unless he be a babe in arms, or blind, deaf, and idiotic with extreme senility, to be either "too old" or "too young"? We trow not; and we hope to see yet again, in the remaining years of life, with the most charming and grateful companions, between four and ten years of age, those admirable shows to which the kind friends of our childhood would often lead us then, some fifty years ago.

The Sketches presented in another page were taken at Hengler's Grand Cirque, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus.

#### REHEARSING TO BE "GOOSED."

An actor is said to be "goosed," in the parlance of the green-room, when the audience testify their opinion of his merits by a general hiss. This "Village Roscius," or small and obscure aspirant to the fame of a great theatrical performer, has a rare opportunity here of gaining the suffrages of that sort of audience, which is most likely to utter a true verdict upon such histrionic merits. Roscius, the renowned actor of antiquity, being a Roman, would have been disposed, in all probability, to accept the judgment of those sagacious birds, which were believed to have once saved the City. Their wisdom has not in England been held in so much esteem, but they may still be quite equal to the office of critics and connoisseurs, in the discrimination of this young gentleman's talents and "parts." The part which he is just now rehearsing might possibly be that of Macbeth. He is capable, no doubt, of standing for the wicked Scottish usurper, on the "blasted heath," as on the common or village green of Little Wittington, to await the dire apparition of the prophetic witches. But in a later scene of the play, where Macbeth is accosted by a frightened messenger telling of the enemy's approach, it would be rather embarrassing to speak the precise words set down for him, in the hearing of the present audience. "Where got'st thou that goose look?" is a question so complimentary to their natural dignity as to invite a sharp dig in the calf of his leg from the beak of one of the indignant geese behind him. This peril seems really to be imminent, as our Artist represents the actual situation, though Roscius has not yet been made aware of the danger in which he stands. The next turn of the Shakespearean dialogue will bring the whole army fiercely upon him. "There are ten thousand!"—says the military messenger. "Geese, villain?" roars the furious Scottish King. "Soldiers, Sir," is the reply; and with that cue, we may expect, the host of geese turned soldiers, for the nonce, will fly at the goose turned actor—hissing, groaning, pecking, biting, and tearing his pantaloons, if not his flesh, till he seeks refuge in the neighbouring habitations of mankind.

The Corporation of London have, it is stated by the *City Press*, expended £2,943,778 on the provision of sites, erection, and enlargement of markets for the metropolis since 1849; and the *Citizen* states that the Corporation have spent upwards of £10,000 in aiding the Royal Commission on the Pollution of the Thames.—The Clothworkers' Company have voted 500 guineas in aid of the fund of £15,000 and upwards required for extending the building of Girtton College, Cambridge, this grant being in addition to 500 guineas formerly made for the building and £52 per annum for three exhibitions.—The Committee of the Thames Church Mission acknowledge donations of 50 guineas from the Corporation, 5 guineas from the Haberdashers' Company, and 5 guineas from the Company of Saddlers.—The Company of Skinners have forwarded twenty guineas in aid of the "Cambridge Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers," and ten guineas in aid of the funds of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution.

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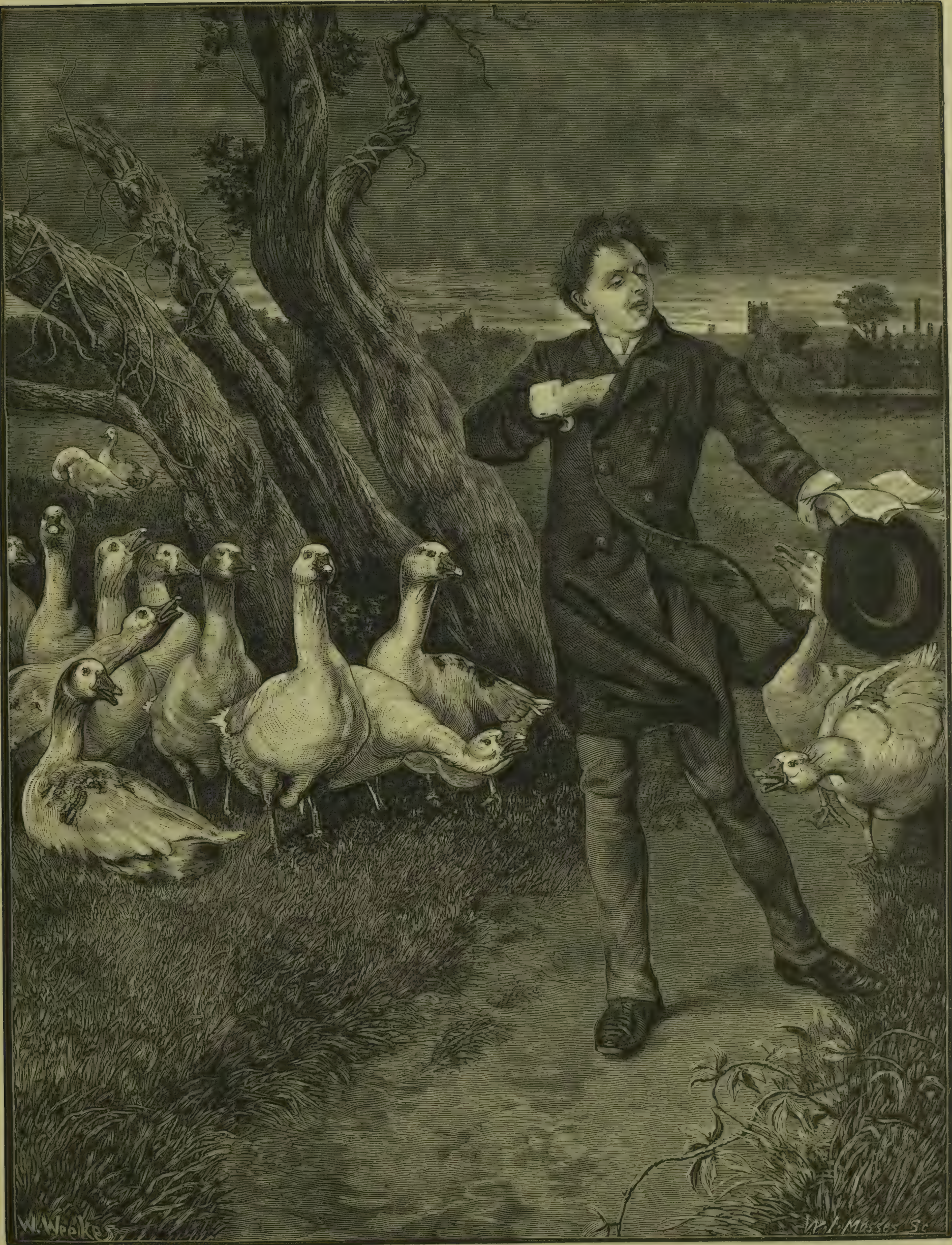
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THE VILLAGE ROSCIUS REHEARSING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.



## PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

The work of pulling down the great central tower of Peterborough Cathedral, this being in such a tottering condition that it was feared it might fall at any moment and involve the whole building in destruction, was commenced last week. The cost of the work is estimated at £40,000. A committee has been hastily formed to manage the work, consisting of the Marquis of Exeter, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Burghley, M.P., Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Lord Lilford, and others, and subscriptions have already been received with a view to restoring the tower, Canon Argles having subscribed £1000.

Peterborough and its minster have been familiar objects in English history since the days of the Conquest. Hereward, one of the latest of Charles Kingsley's heroes, ravaged it when warring against the Normans, and from that time downward the name is constantly reappearing in English annals. On the Saxon monument of the Abbot Hedda, who died in the eleventh century, the light streams from memorial windows, the work of artists still alive, and between 1099 and 1866 every generation has added something to the associations or the glories of the ancient pile. So great in early times was the sanctity of the shrine that a visit to its high altar was once considered equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome, and it attracted in 1337 no less important a pilgrim than Queen Philippa. Queen Mary of Scots was buried there for twenty-five years—it was her resting-place between Fotheringay and Westminster Abbey. The cathedral still holds the remains of another ill-fated Queen; and the tomb of Catherine of Arragon, on the north side of the choir,

has not been disturbed. The central or lantern tower, which is to be pulled down, rises at the intersection of the nave and transept. It is 150 ft. in height, being 6 ft. lower than the turrets which flank the front. It was not till nearly 200 years after the choir and transept were built, that the tower was completed. It dates from 1350. The nave was built 1177-93, but the eastern aisle, which is Perpendicular Gothic, was not completed till 1528. The cathedral is said to show characteristics of eight distinct periods of architecture. The removal of the central tower is said to be indispensable if the cathedral itself is not to be involved in ruin.

A large Engraving was published in the *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 20, 1880, representing a View of Peterborough Cathedral.

## REMAINS OF EXTINCT MAMMALIA AT CHARING-CROSS.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for the workmen, when digging deeply into the gravels and brick-earths which underlie London, for laying foundations of large buildings or other works, to exhume the fossil teeth and bones of animals now extinct, or of the early ancestors of others which still survive, either in a wild or semi-wild state, in this country or on the European and African continents. In none of the recorded instances has such an interesting series of these fossil remains been found in association amid the streets of London, as in the comparatively small area comprised in the foundation space of some new bank buildings recently erected at Charing-cross.

These remains, now on view at Mr. Rowland Ward's, the



CENTRAL TOWER, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (THE PART NOW BEING DEMOLISHED).

well-known naturalist in Piccadilly, were, when discovered and placed in his charge, in a very fragmentary and friable condition. They have since been skilfully gelatinized and repaired, and were subsequently carefully examined by Mr. W. Davies, of the Palaeontological Department of the British Museum. He identified the bones of the cave lion (*Felis leo spelæa*), and portions of antlers of a variety of the fallow deer (*Cervus dama*, var. *Brownii*), a molar of the "straight tusked" elephant (*Elephas antiquus*), and remains of the rhinoceros. In addition to the above, the collection, which consists of about a hundred specimens, comprises tusks, teeth, and bones of the woolly elephant (*Elephas primigenius*); also the great extinct Irish deer (*Cervus megaceros*), the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*), and a number of bones belonging to extinct bovidæ (*Bos primigenius*). All the above-named were from deposits of the Quaternary or Pleistocene period; whilst from the comparatively recent or superficial deposits were obtained bones of the Celtic short horn (*Bos longifrons*), the probable ancestor of the small breed of Scotch and Welsh oxen; the sheep and the horse. But these represent only a small portion of the ancient fauna which dwelt in the primeval forests or browsed on the grassy slopes and plains, which bounded and formed the valleys of the great river and its tributaries, above and below where London now is. They were at times caught and drowned in floods and freshets, and their carcases were carried and deposited where their remains are now found, in some places, as at Ilford, in great quantities. From this locality the late Sir Antonio Brady obtained, in a few years, the finest series of Pleistocene mammalian bones ever made by a private collector. The teeth and bones of the elephants alone numbered 300, and were parts of at least 100 individual elephants. The collection is deposited in the British Museum, Natural History, Cromwell-road.

The gravels and brick-earths which contain these remains were accumulated and deposited at a period when the Thames and its tributaries flowed in much higher channels than their present level. From these deposits in the London district, or within a radius of a few miles, have been exhumed teeth and bones of the lion, hyæna, wolf, and fox, the bear, otter and badger, two species of elephants, the megarhine, leptorhine, and tichorhine rhinoceroses, the hippopotamus, wild boar, and the wild horse. Of ruminants, the aurochs or bison (*Bison priscus*), the urus (*Bos primigenius*), the musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*), the great Irish deer (*Cervus megaceros*), the red deer, reindeer, and a variety of the fallow deer; also the beaver, lemming, and other rodents. We have here an assemblage of remains of land animals which in the present day are, respectively, inhabitants of northern and southern climes, but in the past apparently existed under the same climatic conditions. For example, remains of the hippopotamus and the reindeer have been found associated in the same river deposits, as at Deptford and elsewhere; a warm climate being essential to the existence of the living congeners of the former animal, as a severely cold one is as essential to the existence of the latter. Sir Charles Lyell suggests that the old hippopotami were clothed with a thick covering of hair like the mammoth and tichorhine rhinoceros, to enable them to withstand the extreme cold of the period. On the other hand, the supposition has

been advanced that in the Post-glacial period the summers and winters were characterised by extremes of heat and cold; and in explanation of this commingling of bones of animals of divergent climes, it has been suggested that they were migrants, advancing and retreating with the seasons, and alternately occupying the same feeding grounds.

With regard to the lion, the principal interest lies in the fact that it is the first time its remains have been recorded as having been found in London proper. They have been previously found in other places in the Thames valley, notably at Ilford and Crayford, respectively, on the Essex and Kentish sides of the River. They are comparatively rare in river deposits, but its bones occur abundantly in many caves, and especially in some in the Mendip range of hills in Somerset, which have yielded an enormous quantity, and of which a large series is preserved in the Taunton Museum. Its existence in England points to the period when Britain was linked to the mainland of Europe, over which it freely roamed, and left its remains in many places. Although formerly considered as specifically distinct from the existing lion, Messrs. Sanford and Boyd Dawkins, who have carefully studied and compared a large series of fossil bones with the bones of recent animals, state that, with the exception of greater size attained by some individuals, the fossils are indistinguishable from the bones of the living lion. Professor Boyd Dawkins thinks the lion retreated southwards from Britain, France, Germany, and Italy before the dawn of the Prehistoric epoch.

The portions of antlers of a variety of the fallow deer (*Cervus Brownii*, Dawkins) have a special interest, inasmuch as they are the first which have been discovered in the older river deposits in London or its neighbourhood, and also for the further evidence they give of the former existence and subsequent extinction of the species in Britain, and long antecedent to its reintroduction by the Romans. The first evidence regarding its former presence in this country is founded on a large series of portions of antlers derived from a Pleistocene deposit at Clacton in Essex, and now preserved in the National collection.

The frequency of the discovery of the remains of this old British fauna shows that the ox, bison, and deer, and the elephants and horses roamed over their fertile feeding-grounds in large herds; and with this abundance of food the carnivora, lion, hyæna, wolf, and bear also abounded, as evidenced by their remains found in caverns and river deposits.

As compared with the preceding, the remains found of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and other forms are few.

Of these old denizens, the two species of elephants, the three species of rhinoceros, the great Irish deer, and probably the hippopotamus, are absolutely extinct, whilst the lion and hyæna still survive in Africa and Asia. The wolf, the brown and grizzly bears, lynx, and wild boar, though long banished from Britain, are found in many places in Europe; and the musk ox and reindeer flourish in Arctic regions.

We may mention, for the benefit of those hereafter interested in these discoveries, that the collection will be hung on the walls of Messrs. Drummond's banking establishment, being their property.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1882) of the Hon. Edward Arthur Wellington, Baron Keane, late of No. 16, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, who died on July 25 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by the Right Hon. Caroline Louisa Lydia, Baroness Keane, the widow and sole executrix. The testator bequeaths to his cousin Sir Richard Keane, Bart., the sword of the Governor of Ghuznee, which he wishes to be kept as a heirloom in the Keane family; and there are some gifts to his grandson. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife. He desires his funeral to be conducted plainly and economically, at an expense of not more than £50; and he states that, "my father's funeral cost £500, which I consider a shameful waste of money."

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1880) of Captain William John Gill, B.E., late of Edinburgh Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, who was killed on Aug. 10 last by the Arabs at Wady Sudr, between El Arish and Nahkl, in Egypt, was proved on the 6th ult. by George Henry Sawtell, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £160,000. The testator leaves to his mother an annuity of £600; to his sister, Frances Eliza Minchin Gill, £10,000, and an annuity of £1000; upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his sister, Mrs. Lucy Annie Ram, £10,000; to his faithful friend and servant, Joshua Sumerall, £1500; to his servant, Mrs. King, £200; and the residue of his property to his brother, Robert Thomas Gill.

The will (dated March 19, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 30 following), of Miss Louisa White, late of No. 1, Clarence-terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 18 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by the Rev. William Spranger White, the brother, Frank Armstrong White, the nephew, and John White, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing legacies to relatives and servants, leaves the residue of her real and personal estate, subject to a life interest in one half given to her brother, the Rev. William Spranger White, as to one moiety, to the children of her brother Charles White, and as to the other moiety for the children of her brother George Towry White.

The will of Mr. Thomas Clarke, of Knedlington Manor, near Howden, Yorkshire, a Justice of the Peace for the East and West Ridings, was proved on Nov. 2 last at the York district registry by Thomas Sinclair Clarke, of Knedlington Manor, J.P., his only surviving child and sole executor. The testator devises all his manors, messuages, lands, tithe rents, charges, and real estate (which is considerable), and all his personalty to his said son. The net personalty is sworn to be of the value of £59,397.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1882), with a codicil (dated May 11, following), of Mr. William Mackinder, formerly of Mere Hall, Lincolnshire, and late of Red Hall, in the same county, who died on Dec. 4 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Herbert Mackinder, his son, and Frederick Andrew, his solicitor, two of his executors; Charles James Neale, the other executor, having power reserved to him to prove hereafter, should he elect to do so. The value of the personal estate exceeds £47,000. The testator leaves legacies to his executors, £2000 to his grandson, George Alfred Mackinder Holland, and an immediate legacy of £500 to his widow, to whom he also bequeaths his carriages, horses, plate, household furniture, and effects. Subject to the payment to his widow of an annuity of £600 during her life, he leaves the residue of his property to his trustees and executors, upon certain trusts, for his children and grandchildren, nominating his son, Herbert Mackinder, of Mere Hall, to succeed to and represent his interest in the firm of Robey and Co., engineers, Lincoln, in which firm the testator was a partner. He directs that his will shall not be read to his family on the day of his funeral.

The will (dated July 23, 1873) of Mr. John Francis de Grave, late of No. 13, Morland-road, Croydon, a member of the Royal College of Physicians, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Edward Perronet Sells and Vincent Perronet Sells, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths to the Master and Wardens of the Society of Apothecaries of the City of London £5000, to be applied by them in augmentation of the fund for the relief of decayed members of the Apothecaries' Company; and legacies to relatives and others. Subject to the payment of the legacies, and of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, the testator gives all his property to his nephew, Edward Perronet Sells.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1881) of the Rev. Augustus Clissold, formerly of Stoke Newington, but late of Broadwater Down, Frant, Sussex, who died on Oct. 30 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Stephen Thomas Clissold, the nephew, and Robert Cunliffe, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £4000, free of duty, to the trustees of the Bloomsbury-street Society for printing and publishing the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, upon trust, to dispose of the same for the charitable purposes of the said society; £1000 to St. Mary's, Newington, £500 thereof to be applied for the benefit of the National Schools, £400 for the Church Building Fund, and £100 for the poor of the said parish; £250 each to All Saints', St. Andrew's, and St. Faith's, Newington, for the churches and schools of the said parishes;—£500 each to the Ragged School Union, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney; the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; and the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children, Old Kent-road;—and liberal legacies to servants and others. As to the residue of his property, he gives one fifth each to his nephews and nieces Stephen Thomas Clissold, Edward Mortimer Clissold, Eliza Clissold, and Mrs. Isabella Fenwick; and one fifth to the children of his late nephew, Henry Bayley Clissold.

The will (executed July 24, 1879), with a codicil (dated Aug. 30, 1882), of the Rev. Gerald Carew, late of Mytton Hall, Fitz Salop, who died on Sept. 28 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Richard Easton, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testator leaves his household goods and furniture to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Carew; and the residue of his estate and effects, real as well as personal, upon trust for her for life. At his wife's death he gives £1000 to the Taunton and Somerset Hospital; and distributes the ultimate residue among the members of his family.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Thursday week at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Perrott in the chair; when rewards amounting to £540 were granted to crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the storms of December.

Dr. Barnardo entertained 1400 waifs and strays swept up from the common lodging-houses of the metropolis in the Edinburgh Castle Coffee Palace, Stepney, yesterday week. The ages of the guests varied from six years to sixteen. Each had abundance of food and drink, and was presented with a new sixpence and a couple of oranges. Many were invited to come to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where, in one new home, there would be room for 120 little boys.



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"I have pleasure in expressing my opinion that the Paris Exhibition Model Grand Pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons are unsurpassed. The tone is deliciously sweet, sustained, and extraordinarily powerful; the touch responds to the faintest and to the most trying strains on it, and the workmanship is simply perfect."  
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"Illustrated London News."  
"The principle of the Brinsmead firm is to give the best piano of its kind the best of materials, the best of care, the best of taste, and the best of finish, and this is why the manufacture in Kentish Town sends down to Wigmore-street so many pianos perfect in scale, sustained in tone, elastic in bulk, with equal and responsive touch, and, in fact, as near as possible to that ideal that all musicians must require—'A thing of beauty' that is 'a joy for ever.'"  
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1. Woolly Rhinoceros, right humerus, wanting upper end. Original, 11 in. long.
- 1a. Skeleton of Rhinoceros.
2. Parts of tusk of *Elephas primigenius*, or mammoth. Originals, 19 in. and 21 in. long.
3. Portion of a neural spine of vertebra of mammoth. Original, 7 in. long.
4. Anterior portion of a tusk of a young mammoth. Specimen, 10 in. long.
- 4a. Restored mammoth.
5. *Elephas antiquus*, second upper molar, unworn. Original, 8 in. wide.

- Bones of the Cave Lion, Felis spelæa*:—6. Last dorsal vertebra; 7. First lumbar vertebra; 8. Second lumbar vertebra. The bones 6, 7, 8, are inverted in the drawing. 9. Sacrum, under view. 9a. The Cave Lion restored.
10. *Bos primigenius*, right femur. Original, 18 in. long.
  - 10a. Skull of the urus (*Bos primigenius*), Post-Pliocene and recent. After Owen.
  - 10b. *Bos primigenius*, restored by Waterhouse Hawkins.
  11. *Bos longifrons*, left femur.
  12. *Bos longifrons* (small long-faced ox), right metacarpal. Original, 7½ in. long.
  - 12a. Skull and horn cores of *Bos longifrons*, reduced from natural size, from specimen in British Museum.

- 12b. *Bos longifrons*, restored by Waterhouse Hawkins.
13. Distal end of humerus. *Cervus megaceros*.
- 13a. Skeleton of the Irish elk. *Cervus megaceros* (*megaceros hibernicus*) Pleistocene. The skeleton of this animal measures from the ground to the top of back, 6 ft. 6 in.
14. *Cervus Elaphus*, or Great Red Deer. Base of shed antler measures across the widest part 4½ in.
15. *Cervus Browni* (Dawkins), base of shed antler. Measure across widest part, 4½ in.
- 15a. *Cervus Browni*, restored. 13a and 15a are drawn to the same scale, so as to show their relative natural sizes.

(Only the illustrations indicated by simple numbers were exhumed at Charing-cross. Those with the letters a and b are given to show what the animals were like as far as known.)



## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON.

The Right Hon. George Harry Grey, Earl of Stamford and Warrington, Baron Grey of Groby and Baron Delamere of Dunham-Massey, in the county of Chester, died at his seat, Bradgate Park, Leicestershire. His Lordship was born Jan. 7, 1827, the only son of George Harry, Lord Grey of Groby, by Katherine, his wife, fourth daughter of Francis, sixth Earl of Wemyss, and succeeded his grandfather as seventh Earl in 1845. He had previously inherited at his father's death, in 1835, the barony of Grey of Groby. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1848. His Lordship took for many years great interest in sporting matters, and possessed, at various times, racehorses of great celebrity. He married, first, Dec. 23, 1848, Elizabeth (who died 1854), daughter of Mr. Billige, of Wincanton; and secondly, Aug. 29, 1855, Katherine, daughter of Mr. Henry Cocks, but had no issue. The titles have consequently devolved on his kinsman, Harry, now Earl of Stamford and Warrington, descended from the fourth Earl. The Lords Grey of Groby and Earls of Stamford became heirs male of Henry, Duke of Suffolk, father of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey of the time of Queen Mary. The first Earl of Stamford was a Parliamentary Commander during the Civil Wars.

## THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH.

The Right Hon. Francis Wemyss-Charteris-Douglas, Earl of Wemyss and Baron Elcho, also Earl of March, Viscount Peebles, and Baron Douglas, of Neidpath, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Wemyss in that of the United Kingdom, died on the 1st inst., at Gosford House, Haddingtonshire. His Lordship was born in 1796, the only son (by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. Walter Campbell, of Shawfield, N.B.) of Francis, seventh Earl of Wemyss, who inherited the earldom of March at the decease of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, and was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1821. The nobleman whose death we record was Vice-Lieutenant, county Haddington, a magistrate for Berwickshire and Perthshire, J.P. and D.L. for Midlothian, and Lieutenant-General of the Royal Archers of Scotland. From 1853 to 1880 he was Lord Lieutenant of Peeblesshire. The Earl married, in 1817, Lady Louisa Bingham, fourth daughter of Richard, second Earl of Lucan, and had five sons and two daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Francis, Lord Elcho, M.P. for Haddingtonshire, A.D.C. to the Queen, succeeds to the family honours; he was born in 1818, married, in 1843, Lady Anne Frederica Anson, second daughter of Thomas William, first Earl of Lichfield, and has issue; the third son, the Hon. Walter Wemyss-Charteris-Douglas, was killed at Balaclava. The late Earl's elder daughter is the Countess of Warwick; the second, Lady Louisa, wife of Mr. William Wells, of Holmewood, Huntingdonshire.

## SIR HENRY MEUX, BART.

Sir Henry Meux, second Baronet, of Theobald's Park, Herts, died on the 1st inst., at his residence in Grosvenor-square. He was born Dec. 28, 1817, the only son of Henry Meux, of Theobald's Park, the eminent brewer of London, on whom a baronetcy was conferred, Sept. 30, 1831, and grandson of Richard Meux, by Mary Brougham, his wife, aunt of the first Lord Brougham. He was educated at Eton, and took his Bachelor's degree at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1838. In 1841 he inherited the baronetcy, in 1845 served as High Sheriff of Herts, and was M.P. for that county from 1847 to 1859. He married, Jan. 19, 1856, Lady Louisa Caroline Brudenell-Bruce, daughter of the Marquis of Ailesbury, and leaves one son, now Sir Henry Bruce Meux, born Nov. 21, 1856.

## SIR J. W. COPLEY, BART.

Sir Joseph William Copley, fourth Baronet, of Sprotborough, in the county of York, died on the 4th inst. He was born in 1804, the only son of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., by the Lady Cecil Hamilton, his wife, and was grandson of Joseph Moyle, who, on succeeding to the estates of his maternal ancestors, the extinct Baronets of Sprotborough, assumed by Act of Parliament the surname of Copley, and was created a Baronet in 1778. Sir Joseph, whose death we announce, married, Nov. 19, 1831, Lady Charlotte, daughter of Charles, first Earl of Yarborough, Extra Bedchamber-Woman to the Queen; but by her, who died in 1876, had no issue. The title, consequently, expires, and the senior heir-general of the Copleys of Sprotborough is now the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.

## SIR GEORGE BROOKE.

General Sir George Brooke, K.C.B., R.A., died on the 31st ult., at his residence, Charles-street, St. James's, aged ninety. He was son of Mr. Henry Brooke, of Bristol and Henbury, received his education at Great Marlow and Woolwich, and entered the Army in 1803. In early life he saw much active service in India, and later, in the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns. He was present at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Soobraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat; and was Brigadier Commanding at Umballah. Sir George had four medals and seven clasps, attained the rank of General in 1870, and was created C.B. in 1846 and K.C.B. in 1867. He married, in 1821, Catherine (who died in 1866), daughter of Mr. Peter Cochrane, of Clippings, N.B.

## MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. H. MACGREGOR.

Major-General Sir George Hall Macgregor, K.C.B., died recently at Torquay. He was born in 1810, the son of General John Alexander Paul Macgregor, of Sussex-place, Hyde Park, and was educated at Addiscombe. He entered the Bengal Artillery in 1826, and served with distinction in India, including the campaigns of the Sutlej, the Punjab, and in Oude, and during the Indian Mutiny. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1842, and K.C.B. in 1861.

Sir George married, first, 1845, Harriet, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Whitehead, K.C.B., which lady died in 1873; and secondly, in 1879, Flora Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Montagu Oxenden.

## MR. HOWARD OF CORBY.

Mr. Philip Henry Howard, of Corby Castle, Cumberland, F.S.A., formerly M.P. for Carlisle, died at Ventnor, on the 1st inst., in his eighty-second year. He was born April 22, 1801, the elder son of Mr. Henry Howard, of Corby Castle, by Catherine Mary, his wife, daughter of Sir Richard Neave, Bart., and represented a distinguished branch of the illustrious House of Norfolk, being descended from Sir Francis Howard, of Corby Castle, second son of Lord William Howard, "Belted Will," younger son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Howard was M.P. for Carlisle from 1830 to 1847, and from 1848 to 1852, and served as High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1860. He married, Nov. 16, 1843, Eliza Minto Canning, of Foxcote, in the county of Warwick, eldest daughter of Major John Canning, E.I.C.S., and leaves one son, Philip John Canning Howard, of Foxcote and Corby, and two surviving daughters. Mr. Howard's younger brother, Sir Henry Francis Howard, G.C.B., is a distinguished diplomatist.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—You were on the right track of No. 2024, of course; but we are glad that our hint led you to discover all its good points. Your reasonable wishes are cordially reciprocated.

H.S.—Black's defence to 1. Q to K B 2nd in the solution of No. 2023 was indicated in a note published some weeks ago. It is 1. B to Q 2nd.

G.V. (Navenby).—We have not the position at hand, but shall refer to the file for your satisfaction.

J.V.E. (Pulborough).—Thanks for the problem. It shall be examined.

J.R. (Edinburgh).—You will find that No. 2028 will bear further examination, and we commend it to your notice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2025 and 2026 received from Pierce Jones, of No. 2026 from Nellie (Sheffield), H. Stebbing, E. Bohnstedt (Berne), and Galliard.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2027 received from Pierce Jones, A.H. Mann, H. Sahl, Irene (Brussels), Gyp, Donald Mackay, Smutch, Alpha, Jays (Uppingham), Gant, J. Harrington (Aldwood), H. Stebbing, M. Klemanski, B.H.C. (Salisbury), M. Parrott (Windsor), J.H. Reid, E. Bohnstedt (Berne), Benjamin George, and James Dobson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2028 received from H.B. H. Sahl, Julia Short, W. Hillier, S. Lowndes, James Pilkington, A.M. Porter, Donald Mackay, R.L. Southwell, L.L. Greenaway, A. Harper, Jupiter Junior, Alpha, Junbo, Leslie Lachlan, A.R. Street, E. Louden, C.S. Cox, E. Eibury, Dr. F. St. Harry Springthorpe, C.W. Wilson, L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, H. Stebbing, E.E.H. Alfred Robinson, H. Lucas, E.M. Windus, A. Wigmore, Cant, E. Casella (Paris), B.R. Wood, R. Gray, A.W. Scrutton, R. Jessop, G.L. Hopkins, N.S. Harris, G. Seymour, T. Brandreth, S. Bullen, W. Dewese, H. Eversard, A.M. Colborne, F. Ferris, Benjamin George, Schimucke, H. Blacklock, F.F. (Brussels), Sursun (Dulwich), Shadforth, L. Wynan, Joseph Ainsworth, L. Falcon (Aldershot), R.J. Vines, H.K. Awdry, C.S. Wood, B.H.C. (Salisbury), G.W. Law, T.H. Holdron, F.G. Parsloe, Smutch, M. Tipping, G. Huskisson, James Pilkington, E.J. Winter Wood, S.W. Mann, E.J. Fosno (Harrism), and A.C. Hill.

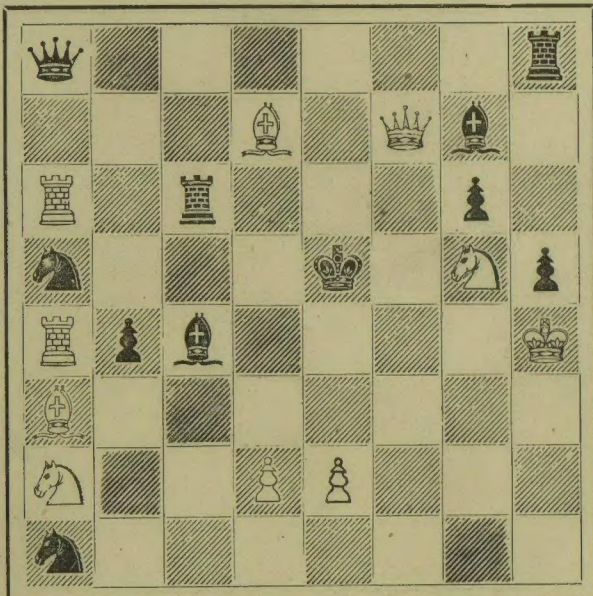
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2027.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to B 4th. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2030.

By F. J. KELLNER (Vienna).

## BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Handicap Tourney at the Nottingham Mechanics' Institute Chess Club, between Messrs. MARRIOTT and SUFFOLK, the former giving the odds of Q Kt. That piece should therefore be removed from White's side of the board.

## (Irregular Opening)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	18. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	He has nothing better to do. If 18. P takes P, White plays either R to Q Kt sq. and should speedily win the game.	
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to K B 3rd	19. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
Black's defence is not happily chosen. His last move makes the weak point still weaker.		20. Q to Kt 5th	R takes P
4. P to K 3d	P to Kt 5th	As good as anything else.	
5. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 4th	21. B takes R	Q takes B
6. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	22. Q to Kt 3rd	P takes P (dis. ch)
7. Q takes B	Kt to R 3rd	23. K to R 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
8. P to K 4th	P to Q 5th	24. K R to Q B sq	Q to B 7th
9. P to B 5th	Q to Q 3rd	25. Q to K 6th	K to B 2nd
10. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	His only move. If 25. Kt to Kt 5th (ch) White avoids the threatened mate by 26. K to R sq.	
11. B to B 4th	Kt to Q sq	26. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
12. Castles (K R)	P to B 3rd	27. R takes P	Q to B 5th (ch)
13. P to Q R 4th	R to B sq	28. K to R sq	Q takes K P
14. P to B 3rd	R to B 2nd	29. Q R to Q B sq.	
15. B to R 3rd	P to B 4th	and Black resigned.	
16. P to Q Kt 4th	K to B sq		
17. Q to K 8th			
A very strong move, as the sequel shows.			
17.	P to Q Kt 3rd		

The tournament at the Manhattan Club, New York, is progressing satisfactorily, Messrs. Mackenzie and Baird heading the score-list in the struggle for first honours. The following gamelet occurred between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Carpenter, the latter receiving the odds of the Queen's Rook.

## (Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to Q 4th	P to K R 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	14. Q to B 4th	B to Kt 5th
3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	15. P takes P	B takes P (ch)
The opening is now resolved into a phase of the King's Gambit declined.		16. K to Q sq	R to K sq
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	17. B to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th
5. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P takes Kt	Kt P takes P
6. P takes P	P takes P	19. Q to R 6th (ch)	
6. B takes Kt is the correct move here.		From his tenth move White has played, and now finishes, in his usual masterly style.	
7. B takes P	K to B sq	19.	R takes Q
8. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	20. B takes R (ch)	Q to Kt 2nd
9. R to K B sq	Kt to Q 5th	21. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	22. B takes Q	
11. Q takes B	P takes Kt	and Black resigned.	
12. P to K 5th	Q to K 2nd		

The game above is quoted from the *Turf, Field, and Farm* of New York, from which paper we have further intelligence of the movements of Herr Steinitz in America. After a second victory in a contest with Mr. Martinez, the German master proceeded to Baltimore to play a match with Mr. Sellman of that city. The first game resulted in a draw after seven hours' play.

## LOSS OF AN ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIP.

On Sunday morning, just outside the entrance to the Mersey, a fine steam-ship of the Inman Line, when about to enter the port of Liverpool after a voyage across the Atlantic, was unfortunately run down by another steam-ship, and was sunk, with the loss of ten lives, of whom two were passengers from America. This ill-fated vessel was the *City of Brussels*, which had made a good passage from New York, had called at Queenstown on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday, at six in the morning, approached the North-West light-ship, twenty miles from Liverpool. There a dense fog enveloped the vessel, and Captain Land determined to lie to. Captain Land and the second and fourth officers remained on the bridge, the pilot being also on board, and every precaution was taken. About a quarter to seven, a sound was heard, and a large steamer was descried only a few yards away. Before anything could be done she had struck the *City of Brussels* on the starboard bow, cutting her half through. The steamer proved to be the *Kirby Hall*, belonging to the Hall Line (from Liverpool to Bombay), which had left Glasgow a few hours before on her trial-trip. There was nothing like confusion on board the *City of Brussels*, but it was apparent that she must sink within a few minutes. The boats were instantly ordered out, and the passengers got into them with only a sufficient crew to man them. The *Kirby Hall* had backed away after the collision, but stood by the sinking vessel, and when the boats reached her the passengers were received on board. In about twenty minutes after the collision the *City of Brussels* gave a lurch, throwing off some who had clung to the rigging, and sank. Eight of the crew and two Italian steerage passengers were drowned.

A fireman on board the *City of Brussels* states:—"About a quarter to seven, some eight miles to the east of the North West light-ship, a large steamer suddenly loomed in sight, and ran stern on against our vessel, striking her on the starboard side a few yards abaft the bow. The occurrence caused great alarm both among the passengers and the crew, but there was not the slightest disorder. Captain Land called out to the strange vessel to stand by us. She proved to be the *Kirby Hall*, on her trial-trip from Glasgow to Liverpool. Captain Land had ascertained that the water was pouring into the side of our vessel through the great gap. He promptly ordered the boats to be lowered. The passengers were hurried into the boats, with only a sufficient crew in each to man them, and when full the men pulled their hardest for the *Kirby Hall*. Meanwhile the *City of Brussels* was fast settling down in the water, with the captain and such of the passengers and crew as remained on board. Some of the boats returned to the *City of Brussels*, and pulled about so as to afford those on board the opportunity of saving themselves. The boats could not come alongside, lest they should be sucked down with the sinking ship; but a number of persons who jumped into the water (including the Captain, who was floating on a spar), were saved. While the boats were still around her, the vessel suddenly went down, bow foremost, in about fourteen fathoms of water, leaving only a portion of her top-masts visible. The boats rowed over the spot for some time to make sure that there were none in need of help, and then rowed back to the *Kirby Hall*. She stood by until the fog lifted, about four p.m., when she weighed anchor, and steamed for Birkenhead, where she arrived about ten p.m. Mr. Young, the second officer, and Mr. Woods, carpenter, were got on board the *Kirby Hall* in an apparently lifeless state, and all efforts to restore animation proved fruitless. We received every attention possible on board the *Kirby Hall*, but she did not appear to have her full complement of hands, for when the Captain was asked to send some boats he replied it was impossible, as he had only a few seamen on board, and that all he could do was to stand by us. However, all on board the *Kirby Hall* did the best they could. We have lost everything we had except what we stand in. It seemed to me about twenty minutes or half an hour from the collision to the time when the *City of Brussels* sank. I was about to leave the deck to go into the fore-castle, when a seaman cried 'There is a ship on top of us.' At that instant her bows crashed into our ship nearly abreast of where I was standing. The other ship was much higher out of water than ours. The *Kirby Hall* backed immediately, but did not go beyond hail. Her bow was stove in by the force with which she struck us."

The following is a list of members of the crew who were lost:—Mr. Young, second officer; Woods, carpenter; Connor, quartermaster; Corcoran, saloon steward; James Quinn, lamp-trimmer; George Malcolm, foreman; Michael Smith and McLeod, able seamen.

Another account states that after the collision the passengers seemed to be unconscious of the situation, with the terrible gap which had been made in the forward part of the vessel. She was known to be leaking very rapidly, and all the passengers were marshalled into appointed places, so that there was no hurry or confusion. Life-buoys and other appliances were served out, the boats swung on the davits, and every preparation was made for the emergency. This proved to be more sudden and immediate than was anticipated. The passengers had been put into the boats, and some of the crew were told off to each of these craft, the captain and the remainder of his men continuing on board until after the safety of the rest had been assured. The vessel got visibly lower in the water, and those of the crew who had not escaped in the boats climbed the rigging and awaited the result. "It was the coolest thing you'd ever see in this world," was the remark of a weather-beaten sailor in narrating the catastrophe. In about twenty minutes after the impact the huge vessel gave a tremendous lurch, flinging off those who were in the rigging and plunging into the depths with a fearful swirl. The scene that ensued was heartrending. The people in the boats were enveloped in darkness, and those in the water were without help. The *Kirby Hall*, which immediately after the collision had rebounded, and was obscured in the fog, was unable to lower boats or render any active assistance. The boats of the *City of Brussels* picked up all who could be recovered from the water; but this was no easy matter, owing to the difficulty of seeing what was going on around. The fog lifting, all the people were taken on board the *Kirby Hall*, and were brought safely to Liverpool, "not one of the passengers," it is said, except the two who were lost, "having so much as wet feet." The *City of Brussels* was built on the Clyde in 1869, and was a very large ship, with a gross tonnage of 3774, net 2434 tons. She had 167 persons on board. Her value, with cargo, is estimated at £300,000.

The Bishop of Manchester, in acknowledging some resolutions forwarded to him by a congregation in his diocese, makes some observations on his recent course in connection with the Miles Platting ritual case. He says, the only ground on which "a truce" can be offered or accepted is that both parties should keep within the limits of defined law as it stands. If the authority of the law in regard to the Church of England is destroyed the protection which that law gives her is destroyed at the same time; and the Church cannot afford to be deprived at once of both.





COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAM-SHIP CITY OF BRUSSELS AND THE STEAM-SHIP KIRBY HALL

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SHIPS AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY OFFICERS OF THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.



## A TRAP TO CATCH A GHOST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

(Continued from last week's Number.)

Piers Dysart settled matters with the steward in the usual perfunctory way, and after his departure, went to the morning-room, where hung the portrait of the Lady Mabel. It was one of Lely's, and depicted in a voluminous mantle of gold-embroidered velvet, which appeared too weighty for her fragile loveliness. A face to haunt the memory with its indescribable pathos—a pathos the meaning of which, by some subtle divination, the artist had interpreted aright, and had conveyed in the upturned eyes, and hands striving to loosen the jewelled clasp of the mantle, as though the pure spirit were longing to free itself from the cumbrous magnificence.

Piers Dysart gazed thoughtfully at the portrait, recollecting now the story of the Lady Mabel having been wooed by his rich ancestor, and given—so ran the rumour—in exchange for the gold which set her titled father free from his creditors—of the man she loved having forced his way into her presence as she sat in the library, endeavouring to find some solace in books—of his having taunted her with her infidelity, and left her lying there, struck dead by his scorn.

There was a bitter smile upon his lips as the contrast between the Lady Mabel and his own quondam love suggested itself to him. His thoughts reverted to the one occasion that they had met after she had jilted him. The scorn of a rejected lover would in no way trouble her; a perfectly contented self-possessed lady, on her way to become what it was the height of her ambition to be, a leader of fashion. His eyes dwelt kindly upon the Lady Mabel; if she had felt the shame of her position—one forced upon her by a sense of duty, however mistaken—so deeply as to die in consequence she was, at any rate, worthy of respect, in contrast with the woman he had loved. The woman he *had* loved! For the first time since his disappointment, he used the word in its past tense, as his gaze deepened upon the portrait. It was the first symptom of returning mental health, and being brought about by the recognition of something higher and better than that he had once set his heart upon, it was likely to endure.

Somewhat absently, but more cheerfully than he had felt for many a long day, he took his departure from the Grange at the usual time, setting forth for the railway station. "To go a wandering about the world again, poor gentleman, and perhaps not make his appearance here for months to come!" thought good Mrs. Pratt.

Not a little astonished would she have been could she have witnessed his movements that day. He took the train only as far as the next town; lounged about there the whole day with no apparent purpose; and, after dining at an inn, returned by the evening train to the little station at Cherrington, and walked in the dusk across the fields towards the Grange. He contrived to pass the lodge gate unobserved, and, keeping well in the shade beneath the trees lest even the outline of his figure should be distinguished, made his way to the little door in the wall admitting to the shrubbery, and thence to the house, which he entered by the garden door, using his own pass-key. He noiselessly crossed the hall, listened a few moments outside the library door, then softly turned the handle, and looked in.

"Yes; it was as he had expected—the Lady Mabel was there! His habitual and long-continued absences had, in fact, rendered him the intruder, he thought, with a half smile. The figure was bending over the table, as he had seen her the night previously. He moved a step nearer, and very cautiously, bearing no light now to betray him. But, careful as he was, some slight movement of his made itself heard, and caused her to look up. She rose, her face for a moment turned towards where he stood, then the light about her suddenly disappeared, and there was a barrier of shade between them. But he heard the same light movement as on the previous night; once more she made her way down the other side of the room, and he caught sight of her passing through the open window. He was quicker this time to follow, and his steps were gaining upon her, although her speed every moment increased, as she went across the green towards the shrubbery door. There she paused. It was closed certainly; but, according to all known canons of ghostly lore, she ought to have been able to pass through as easily as though it were open. He watched her keenly; allowing a few moments to elapse. He had read that the habiliments of modern ghosts require a short time to fade before disappearing. But no such process appeared to be going on now; and, by the way in which she shrank back as he approached, it might have been supposed that the Lady Mabel was more afraid of her mortal pursuer than he was of her. He at any rate had the courage to address her. Courteously inquiring:

"Is there anything you wish done, Lady Mabel?"

No sound broke the stillness; and, after a moment, he gravely added: "What is it that prevents your spirit from being at rest?"

A quick change, which even in the moonlight very much resembled a blush, swept over the sweet face; and, after one hurried glance at him, her eyes seemed to be measuring the distance from the spot where she stood across the lawn to the side of the house facing the drive. In another moment she was moving swiftly towards it. Not swifter than he. She had barely reached the shade of the trees, when he was by her side.

She turned as though at bay; then solemnly looked him in the face, raised a little white hand in the moonlight, and pointed in the direction of the house. He could not affect to misunderstand her meaning.

"You wish me to return to the house?"

She gravely bent her head.

"But I should like to try to be of some service to you, if you would allow me."

Again her head was shaken, whilst her hand still pointed towards the house.

"There must be some cause—perhaps a very sad one—for your lingering about your former home, and its present owner has surely a right to ask you to allow him to do your behest and set your spirit free, if only for the sake of himself and those about him. At least, allow me to try what I can do?"

Were it possible for a ghost to reflect—and Piers Dysart saw no reason why it should not—the Lady Mabel was reflecting now. After a moment or two a soft, melodious, half-whisper floated on the night air towards him.

"You—might—do—something."

"What—in what way?" he asked, in his eagerness, drawing a step nearer.

She shrank back; and he advanced no further, letting her see that he would now respect her desire for a certain distance to be kept between them.

"Tell me what I can do for you?" he repeated.

"Think what you can do for yourself—your good name."

"What have I done to disgrace my name?" he asked, not a little surprised.

"What have you left undone? Think of the poor at your gates, and what your wealth might do to abate their misery. Have you not thought—do you not know—that poverty and ignorance often mean crime? Are not you answerable for some of the evil as well as the poverty in the place?" Clapping her hands, and looking very human in her pleading.

There was unmistakable astonishment in every line of his face as he stood gazing at her in silence; for the moment, unable to utter a word.

"They say you have suffered. Should it not have rendered you more, instead of less, regardless of the suffering of others? Ah, think of these neglected people—so terribly in need of what you could give. Not money—no, no; work, better homes, encouragement to hope, and live differently."

"I will think of it," he gravely replied. But for you, is there nothing?"

"It will be for me."

"Then it will be doubly worth the doing. But will you not give me some little hint of a desire upon your own account? Is there *nothing* you wish for?"

"Have I not been telling you?"

"But specially for you?" thinking how pleasant it would be to earn another such smile as that which had for a moment brightened the sweet, pensive face.

"If you could give a new organ to the church—and—some of the old wine the cellars are so full of to the poor people just getting over the fever, and—and"—her voice breaking a little, so human she seemed to have become in her sympathy—"there is the old curate laying down his life—it is all he can give—for his people."

"I did not know."

"It was your duty to know," with a ring of pain in the voice.

"It shall be," gravely. "Anything else?"

"Return to the house—at once!"

"I obey." Taking first a keen, comprehensive glance at the Lady Mabel, he bowed low, turned away, and, without once looking back, walked towards the house.

Entering by the library window, he passed quickly into the hall and up the broad staircase, two steps at a time, towards the west room, commanding a view of the open part of the park, flooded by moonlight, which the Lady Mabel would have to cross, if she wanted to make her way to the village she was so much interested in.

As he had more than half expected, he presently saw her crossing the moonlit space; but in very unghostly fashion. She was, in point of fact, running, full speed, with her gown gathered well up about her, so as not to impede her movements. He meditatively watched her until she disappeared from view, then descended to the lower part of the house, and made his return known to the housekeeper.

He was up early the following morning; and, after a hurried breakfast, delighted Mrs. Pratt's heart by telling her that there was a probability of his remaining at the Grange for a while.

"What has come to him?" thought good Mrs. Pratt, as she once more stood watching him walk away. "His very step seems different."

Piers Dysart was walking briskly towards the village, his first destination the rectory, which—with the church—was kept in good repair by the Rector, being indeed the only habitable house in the village, and larger than was needed by its present occupants. The door was opened by a rough but cleanly looking maid-servant, evidently unused to see visitors of Piers Dysart's stamp there. After gazing at him for a moment or two open-mouthed, as she wiped her wet hands upon her apron, she opined, with what was meant for politeness, that he had better come along in to the best parlour, master was a having his breakfast in t'other. Seeing that the best parlour had only been suggested out of consideration for himself, he preferred being shown into the room her master was in.

Mr. Carson, who was sitting at his frugal breakfast—to one used to a luxurious table the dry toast and weak tea looked painfully meagre—rose with quiet dignity to inquire the stranger's business. He had seen Piers Dysart but once, at his uncle's funeral, and did not remember him.

Piers Dysart noticed the shabbiness of his carelessly-preserved clothes, and other signs of the kind of poverty which strives to shelter itself from observation, and mentally thanked the Lady Mabel for reminding him of obligations which, in his self-absorption, he had not thought of. He introduced himself, and apologised for his early visit with a few words about its having just come to his knowledge that there was a great deal of distress in the neighbourhood, which he was in some degree answerable for. Personal troubles, and not living upon the spot, had rendered him somewhat remiss in the duties of his position.

A slight bow of assent was all the reply this mingled self-accusation and apology drew forth. Piers Dysart saw that the impression left by the cold neglect of years was not to be effaced, nor trust in him built up, in a moment; but he was too ready to recognise the justice of this to take offence. He would have respected the old curate less had he failed to show his rich neighbour what he thought of his neglecting his duties. His way of accepting the rebuke pleaded somewhat in his favour, as he recommenced:

"Of course I ought to have known you long ago, Mr. Carson; but I must hope"—

"Daddy!" The voice came from without, clear, ringing, sweet.

"Yes, my dear—yes," replied Mr. Carson, his face brightening wonderfully as his eyes turned towards the open window, at which appeared the beautiful face of a young girl, not unlike that of the Lady Mabel as it must have been when untouched by sorrow. Piers Dysart was unseen where he stood.

"Do not think to cheat me in that shabby way, after promising to let Jenny boil you a couple of eggs for breakfast."

They could hear quick, light footsteps, the door opened, and a young girl of about eighteen years of age entered the room, evidently as yet unconscious of the presence of a stranger.

"My child, this is Mr. Dysart of the Grange. My daughter, Mr. Dysart."

She turned towards him, a vivid blush rising to her brow, as she cast a quick timid glance at the young man's face. There was nothing to be seen save the grave courtesy of a stranger, as he spoke a few conventional words about the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and she somewhat recovered her self-command.

After explaining to his visitor that she was curate, doctor, and nurse to the village—in fact, she had already been spending some hours by the bedside of one of her patients—and was therefore quite *au fait* in business matters, her father proceeded to tell her that Mr. Dysart had been made acquainted with the distress in the village, and was desirous to set about alleviating it.

She cast another quick glance at him, their eyes met, and she once more gained courage.

"You are really in earnest, Mr. Dysart—you will help us?"

He contrived to make his earnestness sufficiently clear to satisfy her, and the three sat down to talk more circumstantially over ways and means.

Piers Dysart had been much struck by the young girl's face—so sweet and delicate in feature, and, at the same time, so firm and full of character; and the impression was presently confirmed by the clear, concise way in which she talked over business details, and her womanly tenderness when touching on the sufferings of the people. Above all, she appeared to be endowed with the almost divine gift of common-sense, which prevented

her sympathies from wasting themselves upon unworthy objects, and her romance from degenerating into sentimentalism.

In their walk afterwards, through the village, he noticed that the face of every man, woman, and child brightened at sight of her; and, although she endeavoured to keep as much as possible in the background, there were so many different appeals to her that her powers were brought sufficiently into play to strengthen his first impressions. It was, at the same time, somewhat of an ordeal for Piers Dysart. In the gratitude which she could not prevent the simple people from expressing, and in the stories they had to tell of what she had done for them, they were unconsciously passing verdict of censure against him for the long years of neglect they had experienced at his hands.

Even worse than this was the knowledge gained by visiting the cottages, a knowledge so painful that only his newly-acquired sense of duty enabled him to endure it. Most of them were mere fever-nests. Even the best were in a dilapidated condition, unfit, as he did not hesitate to acknowledge, for human habitation.

After awhile, he recognised that the state of the inmates would be more difficult to remedy than the defects in their habitations, which it required only money to compass. The place was, in fact, over-crowded, and the people, to a great extent, unemployed. The social problem was here presenting one of its most difficult phases, requiring not only means, but energy and intelligence to solve it. The two last had been at work without the former, but now all three were to unite.

Piers Dysart put his shoulder to the wheel, improvements went on apace, and the people soon began to realise that times were altering for them. Their dwellings were repaired or rebuilt, the place thoroughly drained, roads and paths made something better than mere tracks, and heaps of refuse were no longer to be seen outside the doors. Employment had been increased by carrying out all this, and the competitors for it gradually thinned out by assisted emigration; a savings bank was instituted, where the smallest sums could be invested at a rate of interest unheard of in the Stock Exchange, but only as a temporary means of encouraging economy and diverting superfluous coin from the beer-house; and a lending library and reading-room were beginning to compete, not unsuccessfully, with the attraction of skittles.

Meantime, a change, which to himself seemed almost as great, had been going on in Piers Dysart. New objects and new hopes gave him fresh interest in life. He was working now towards a certain end, which, if attained, would render him happier than he had yet been or hoped to be. Widely different were his present sentiments—tending as they did to widen instead of narrow his sympathies—from the feverish self-absorption of his first love. But not until he had served his period of probation would he venture to plead his love to Mabel Carson. That much, at least, was due to her from the quondam lover of a woman so far beneath her.

It was not until the summer of the following year that he ventured to make his last throw for happiness. Mabel Carson and her father—now Rector of Cherrington—were dining at the Grange. Mr. Carson, comfortably installed in an easy-chair, was enjoying his after-dinner nap, when Piers Dysart drew Mabel out to the lawn, flooded with soft moonlight. The June air was laden with the scent of flowers—the silence broken only by the occasional note of a nightingale in the adjoining wood—all nature seemed propitious, as he pleaded his love—laying his heart and fortune at her feet.

A deep blush rose to her brow, then faded again, leaving her very white, as she stood silent before him, with hands tightly clasped, and downcast eyes.

She was evidently in some anxiety and doubt—it appeared even like distress. His heart died within him, and he stood for a moment as silent as she, unable to utter another word. Had he mistaken the signs—was her love not for him, and the distress she so evidently felt occasioned by her unwillingness to strike the blow which would destroy his hopes? When he once more ventured, hoarsely and almost incoherently in his apprehensiveness, to say a few words, she hastily interposed, the colour flooding her face again.

"Hear me first, Mr. Dysart. I cannot let you go on without confessing—I—have deceived you."

"Deceived! Ah, Mabel—you!" falling back, and regarding her with miserable eyes.

"I must tell you, come what will. It is right you should know. The night you returned so unexpectedly—you went into the library, and thought you saw—the Lady Mabel, who is said to appear there sometimes. You were deceived. It was I!"

Had not her eyes been downcast she would have seen the effect of her words—the sudden look of joy and relief that came into his face—and understood something else. Entirely misinterpreting his silence, she went on slowly and still more hesitatingly to make the confession, the importance of which, with her keen sense of honour, she somewhat exaggerated. "Of course it was wrong, I know it; but, indeed, indeed, I had no intention to deceive you until you followed and spoke to me. And it was not myself I was thinking of. I should have much preferred to tell you the truth. Mrs. Pratt gave me permission to read now and then in the library; and that night I had forgotten how late it was, and sat reading longer than usual. When you entered the room I was afraid you might be angry with Mrs. Pratt. I blew out the light, and was slipping away as quietly as I could, when you saw me and spoke. You will wonder why I returned the next night. It was to search for a little locket I had dropped there. I thought I might safely do so, because you were said to have left the Grange. That was all, indeed! When you entered the room, I hoped to make my escape, as I had done the evening before; but you followed more quickly; and when I reached the garden door, which I had left ajar, I found it had closed, and the only chance for me to get away was to cross the lawn to the drive. When you caught me, still under the impression that I was the Lady Mabel of the tradition, and begged me to let you do what you could to set my spirit at rest, it suddenly darted into my head to tell you of the misery in the village. How can I regret that I did so, now that so much good has come of it? I cannot, come what may to myself—I cannot!"

He took her clasped hands in his own; deep love in his eyes, fastened upon her downcast face. "I, too, have a confession to make, Mabel. I found the little locket; and—Well, to tell the truth, I expected the Lady Mabel would return for it; and, as I very much desired to speak to her, and she seemed to have so ready a way of slipping through the garden door, I contrived that the lock should not again open at her bidding."

"You knew?" Her eyes upturned to his.

"I knew that the Lady Mabel I was dealing with interested me, and when she was brave enough to tell me of my shortcomings, and plead for those who needed the help I could give, she interested me still more."

"And you were not the least bit afraid?" she presently murmured, to say something, lest her deep happiness should be too apparent, as he put his arms about her; adding, as she looked up into his face with a happy smile, "there is one more confession to make—if you were not afraid, the Lady Mabel was."

THE END.